

VOL. VIII. (XXVII.)
1876.

[THIRD SERIES.]

No. XXX. (CXLIV.)
JUNE.

THE MONTH

AND

CATHOLIC REVIEW.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
BURNS AND OATES.

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NO. VII.—LORD MACAULAY (PART II.).

I.

MACAULAY, as has been already said, returned from India, after a comparatively short stay, with a fortune sufficient for his wants, chiefly saved out of his large official income, but partly also the fruit of a legacy of General Macaulay, his uncle. He stayed long enough in India to make his mark, especially on the Criminal Code, and to acquire a knowledge of the political needs of the country, which made him a sort of authority when Indian questions turned up. His health does not appear to have suffered. He was still in the prime of life, considerably under forty. India certainly in no respect enervated his energies or turned his tastes in new directions, though, according to Sydney Smith's saying, he came back not quite so much disposed to monopolize the conversation wherever he might be. He had gained new interests in the marriage of his sister to Mr. Trevelyan, for the children of his sisters were as dear to him as if they had been his own. We have already mentioned the gaps which he found in his family circle, caused by the death of his sister Margaret and his father.

With his usual vehemence he had attacked, in an article in the *Edinburgh*, a certain Mr. Wallace, the editor of Sir James Mackintosh, and this gentleman sent him a challenge soon after his arrival in England in the summer of 1838. It is curious to find Macaulay a slave to the miserable traditions of society; but he "put the matter into the hands" of Lord Strafford, and the duel would have come off if that nobleman had not discovered a common sense way out of the difficulty, "honourable" to both parties, and so saved them from perpetrating an immoral and scandalous absurdity, which might have cut short the career

of the future historian of William of Orange.¹ Sir Walter Scott was once in danger of the same kind on account of some passages in his *Life of Napoleon*, but he at least had done nothing to justify the attack which it was thought might be made upon him. In the autumn of this same year of his return we find Macaulay travelling in Italy, seeing St. Peter's and Rome for the first time. While in Italy he received a communication from Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, offering him the post of Judge Advocate. But he loved his liberty too well, and the design which he had been forming as to the History of England was beginning more and more to occupy his thoughts. He determined that he would enter Parliament as an independent member, if a seat were offered him, and he would not refuse to take a seat in the Cabinet. But subordinate office he determined to eschew. He felt bound, he said, to help his friends with all his power, and he was a very loyal Whig, though he thought, as it seems, that the Melbourne Ministry would have done better to resign when it found itself unable to carry the Appropriation Clause on which the Conservative Government under Sir Robert Peel had been turned out. The next year, 1839, was the year of that defeat of the Government which brought on what is known as the Bedchamber crisis. The Government, in its great weakness, was very glad to have Macaulay's aid on his election for Edinburgh, when the Speaker, Mr. Abercrombie, became a peer. In September of that year he became Secretary for War, with a seat in the Cabinet.

The duties of his office were not so absorbing as they would be in the days in which we live, for the great development of "militarism," which threatens to make the keeping up of immense standing armies the chief object of the existence and the chief employment of the resources of European nations,

¹ In the present editions of Macaulay's Essays we find a note attached to the review in question, a part of which it may be well to quote. "In this review, as it originally stood, the editor of the *History of the Revolution* was attacked with an asperity which neither literary defects nor speculative differences can justify, and which ought to be reserved for offences against the laws of morality and honour. The reviewer was not actuated by any feeling of personal malevolence, for when he wrote this paper he was in a distant country, he did not know, or even guess, whom he was assailing. His only motive was regard for the memory of an eminent man whom he loved and honoured, and who appeared to him to have been unworthily treated. The editor is now dead, and, while living, declared that he had been misunderstood, and that he had written in no spirit of enmity to Sir James Mackintosh, for whom he professed the highest respect. Many passages have therefore been softened, and some wholly omitted."

took its rise from the dethronement of Louis Philippe and the advent to power of Louis Napoleon. Macaulay got through his Estimates quietly, and had time for his ordinary pursuits; but he would hardly have written even as much as he did of his projected History, but for the overthrow of the Melbourne Cabinet in 1841. He remained in Parliament for many years after that date, and one or two of his best speeches were made while in Opposition to the second Government of Sir Robert Peel. In 1847 he was set free by the caprice of his Edinburgh constituents, who rejected him for Mr. Cowan. Macaulay immediately retired into private life, and never after took a prominent part in Parliament, though Edinburgh re-elected him without solicitation in 1852. This re-election almost exactly synchronized with his first attack of serious illness. He seemed to himself suddenly to get twenty years older. He was obliged henceforth to take great care and indulge himself with rest. In 1856 he retired from the House of Commons, and in 1857, while his breast was full of sadness at the terrible incidents of the Indian Mutiny, he was made a peer at Lord Palmerston's suggestion. He never appears to have taken any part, certainly he never took any prominent part, in the debates of the House of Lords. Indeed, his life lasted little more than two years after his promotion. His last few months were saddened by the prospect of losing for ever the companionship of his sister, Lady Trevelyan, whose husband had been appointed Governor of Madras at the beginning of 1859. Sir Charles Trevelyan proceeded to India alone, but it was arranged that his wife should follow him at no long interval. She remained in England, however, until after Macaulay's death, which took place suddenly on December 28, 1859.

The list of Macaulay's writings which belong to the second half of his career, if we may so speak, contains some of his most famous Essays, his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and his *History of England*. He had kept his pen at work while he was in India, and the Essays on Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Bacon appeared while he was still there. The Essay on Sir William Temple appeared soon after his return, and was succeeded at intervals by that on Gladstone's *Church and State*, Lord Clive, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Leigh Hunt, Lord Holland, Warren Hastings, Barère, Frederic the Great, Madame d'Arblay, Addison, and the second article on the Earl of Chatham. The *Lays of Ancient Rome* had been written chiefly while he was in

India, and were at last published, after much correction and polishing, in the last months of 1842. The first two volumes of the *History of England* appeared at the end of 1849, and the third and fourth volumes in 1856. Between 1853 and 1859 he found time also to write the sketches of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt, which form part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. His famous ballads, the Armada, Ivry, and the Battle of Naseby, belong to his earlier period. The Battle of Naseby was written in 1824. We have thus exhausted the list of Macaulay's writings, as well as the simple outline of his life, and may proceed to speak of him as a man and as a writer.

II.

As a man, there can be but one opinion of Macaulay as he stands revealed to us in the careful portrait drawn by the loving hand of his nephew. He fully deserves the honourable place in which his bones are laid, in the Abbey which covers the dust of so many of our most illustrious countrymen, for he was certainly a great Englishman. He had all the characteristic qualities which distinguish the race: industry, energy, honour, vehemence, pugnacity, a dislike of the abstract, a contempt for philosophy and speculation, a belief in himself, and a reserve on matters of religion which makes it very difficult to find out what he did or what he did not believe. His life was upright, his hand open, his tongue free, and his heart tender. He had gifts both of mind and of feeling which were his own, or rather, which belong to the more favoured class to which he belonged, for he was a prodigy in his way, as well as an Englishman. No one ever deserved better than he the qualification conveyed by the hateful words, "a talented man." His gifts of memory were truly extraordinary. He once heard Sir Robert Peel say that he did not know that he ever forgot anything which he cared to remember. Macaulay answered that he did not know that he ever forgot anything at all. In his last years he was afraid that his memory was failing, and used to set himself, in order to test it, or to keep it in practice, tasks that would tax ordinary mortals far beyond their strength, but which he performed with ease. He could not read at night on the deck of a steamer between Holyhead and Dublin, so he "went through *Paradise Lost* in his head," and got through half of it before he saw the lights of Kingstown Harbour. It ought to be counted as a special gift that his memory did not dwarf his intelligence or his imagi-

nation. Perhaps the last-named faculty in him did not rise to the highest level, but his sensibility was wonderful. He would cry over a play or over a book like a child, and, what is sometimes not the case with people who can do this, he was very soft-hearted in his days of prosperity to the claims of petitioners for his bounty, and through his whole life made his family affections the most constant occupation of his heart. The pages in Mr. Trevelyan's book in which he gives an account of his uncle's delight in the children of his sisters, the pains which he would take to amuse them, the treats which he would provide for them, the hours which he would spend playing with them, and the like, will certainly be among the most popular in the whole two volumes. We may indulge ourselves with a single extract.

Macaulay was so devoid of egotism, and exacted so little deference and attention from those with whom he lived, that the young people around him were under a delusion which to this day it is pleasant to recall. It was long, very long, before we guessed that the world thought much of one who appeared to think so little of himself. I remember telling my schoolfellows that I had an uncle who was about to publish a *History of England*, in two volumes, each containing 650 pages, but it never crossed my mind that the work in question would have anything to distinguish it except its length. As years went on, it seemed strange and unnatural to hear him more and more frequently talked of as a great man, and we slowly, and almost reluctantly, awoke to the conviction that "Uncle Tom" was cleverer as well as more good-natured, than his neighbours.

Among other tastes which he had in common with children was an avidity for sightseeing. "What say you," he asks Mr. Ellis, "to a visit to the Chinese Museum? It is the most interesting and curious sight that I know. If you like the plan, I will call on you at four. Or will you call on me? For I am half-way between the Temple and the wonders of the Celestial Empire." And again, "We treated the Clifton Zoo much too contemptuously. I lounged thither, and found more than sixpenny worth of amusement." "After breakfast, I went to the Tower," he writes in his journal of 1839. "I found great changes. The wild beasts were all gone. The Zoological Gardens have driven paved courts and dark narrow cages quite out of fashion. I was glad for the sake of the tigers and leopards."

He was never so happy as when he could spend an afternoon in taking his nieces and nephews a round of London sights, until, to use his favourite expression, they could not drag one leg after the other. If he had been able to have his own way, the treat would have recurred at least twice a week. On these occasions we drove into London in time

for a sumptuous midday meal, at which everything that we liked best was accompanied by oysters, caviare, and olives, some of which delicacies he invariably provided with the sole object of seeing us reject them with contemptuous disgust. Then off we set under his escort, in summer to the bears and lions, in winter to the Panorama of Waterloo, to the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, or to the enjoyment of the delicious terror inspired by Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. When the more attractive exhibitions had been exhausted by too frequent visits, he would enliven with his irrepressible fun the dreary propriety of the Polytechnic, or would lead us through the lofty corridors of the British Museum, making the statues live and the busts speak by the spirit and colour of his innumerable anecdotes, paraphrased offhand from the pages of Plutarch and Suetonius. One of these expeditions is described in a letter to my mother, in January, 1846. "Fanny brought George and Margaret, with Charles Cropper, to the Albany at one yesterday. I gave them some dinner: fowls, ham, marrow-bones, tart, ice, olives, and champagne. I found it difficult to think of any sight for the children; however, I took them to the National Gallery, and was excessively amused with the airs of connoisseurship which Charles and Margaret gave themselves, and with Georgy's honestly avowed weariness. 'Let us go. There is nothing here that I care for at all!' When I put him into the carriage, he said, half-sulkily, 'I do not call this seeing sights. I have seen no sight to-day.' Many a man who has laid out twenty thousand pounds on paintings, would, if he spoke the truth, own that he cared as little for the art as poor Georgy."

Macaulay used also to organize an Easter tour for the family which usually took in two or three of the Cathedral towns. Thus in a course of years they had seen under his guidance all the English Cathedrals, and the trip sometimes crossed the water as far as Paris or the Loire. "The journey found his flow of spirits unfailing. It was a return," says his sister, "to old times—a running fire of jokes, rhymes, puns, never ceasing. It was a peculiarity of his that he never got tired on a journey. As the day wore on he did not feel the desire to lie back and be quiet, and he liked to find his companions ready to be entertained to the last."

It is pleasant to add that his unexampled success as to the pecuniary fruits of his writings—he only received £20,000 in a single cheque from Messrs. Longmans for some editions of his *History*—seems only to have made him more and more large-handed in his gifts to those who were in distress. Very often, indeed, he submitted to be assailed over and over again by the

same importunate beggars whom he had already sufficiently satisfied. At other times he was lavish, even to imprudence.

Mr. Frederick Arnold [says Mr. Trevelyan] tells the story of a German gentleman, the husband of a lady honourably connected with literature, who had fallen from affluence to unexpected poverty. He applied to Macaulay for assistance, and instead of the guinea for which he had ventured to hope, he was instantly presented with thirty pounds. During the last year of my uncle's life, I called at Holly Lodge to bid him good-bye before my return to the University. He told me that a person had presented himself that very morning, under the name of a Cambridge Fellow of some mark, but no great mark, in the learned world. This gentleman (for such he appeared to be) stated himself to be in distress, and asked for pecuniary aid. Macaulay, then and there, gave him a hundred pounds. The visitor had no sooner left the room than my uncle began to reflect that he had never set eyes upon him before. He accordingly desired me, as soon as I got back to Cambridge, to make, with all possible delicacy, such inquiries as might satisfy him that, when wishing to relieve the necessities of a brother scholar, he had not rewarded the audacity of a professional imposter. If he was such with regard to people whose very faces were strange to him, it may well be believed that every valid claim upon his liberality was readily acknowledged. . . . Within his own household he was positively worshipped, and with good reason: for Sir Walter Scott himself was not a kinder master. He cheerfully and habitually submitted to those petty sacrifices by means of which an unselfish man can do so much to secure the comfort and to earn the attachment of those who are around him; . . . marching off in all weathers to his weekly dinner at the Club, in order to give his servants their Sunday evening, going out of his way to make such arrangements as would enable them to enjoy and prolong their holidays, or permitting them, if so they preferred, to entertain their relatives under his roof for a month together.

III.

It is pleasant to find so many fine qualities in a man of whom all Englishmen are to some extent proud. There are some few things which must be thrown into the opposite scale, which are also, unless we are mistaken, by no means unnational defects. In the first place, Macaulay was a fierce hater, and his animosities, political or literary, were not easily laid aside. When nearly at the end of his career, he was elected again for Edinburgh, after having been for some years out of Parliament, he made a generous allusion to the then recent death of Sir

Robert Peel. They had both been long in comparative retirement from the arena of political warfare, they had met in the Board-room of the British Museum, and Macaulay had even once dined under Sir Robert's roof. This is nothing at all strange or unusual in English political men who have sat on different sides and belonged to rival Governments. But it is noted by Macaulay as very remarkable, for the very reason which we have mentioned, that his dislikes and hostilities were so unduly violent. In the same way, his attack on Southey was far more savage than the occasion justified, and to the end he never seems to have understood Southey's merits as a writer, though he could not help doing homage to some of the noble points in his character. His great ground of quarrel with Southey, after all, seems to be the latter's intense self-confidence—a quality which, if it be enough to draw to itself hatred and hostility, ought to have made Macaulay himself one of the most unpopular men in England. Again, it can hardly be denied that poor Mr. Robert Montgomery deserved chastisement at the hands of the critical organs of the country. But it may fairly be questioned whether Macaulay's article did not go beyond the necessities of the occasion, and much more, whether such an article should have been republished after a lapse of years and preserved in the volume of its author's Essays by the side of so much that is of more permanent interest. There it is, however, and if the Essays live for centuries they will perpetuate the memory of the trashy poetry of the author of *Satan* and of the relentless ferocity of his critic. This is as it is advisedly. Robert Montgomery's name appears more than once in the letters and diaries of Macaulay's later years. "I have been plagued to know [March, 1850] what to do about a letter from that poor creature, Robert Montgomery. He has written to me, begging, in fact, to be let out of the pillory. I wrote and rewrote my answer. It was very difficult to hit the exact point—to refuse all concession without offering any new offence, and without any fresh asperity, to defend the asperity of my article." Three years later he is mentioned again. "Robert Montgomery has written to ask that he may be taken out of the pillory. Never, with my consent. He is the silliest scribbler of my time, and that his book sells among a certain class is a reason for keeping my protest on record. Besides, he has calumniated me in print, and I will not seem to be bullied into a concession." He says of this application, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, "Pray let

me have it again. I could not lose such a jewel on any account. I have read it, as Mr. Montgomery desires, in the presence of God, and in the presence of God I pronounce it to be incomparable." Then he is very amusing on a threat of prosecution for libel from the imagined poet. And then, two years or more later, "*Apropos* of puffing, I see that Robert Montgomery is gathered to Bavins and Blackmore. How he pestered me with his alternate cries for mercy and threats of vengeance!" It surely would have been greater in Macaulay to have taken some opportunity of withdrawing the Essay, which did its work quite effectually enough on its first appearance. Another of his inveterate enmities was that towards the late Mr. Croker, into the merits of which it is not necessary to enter. It was the same with Lord Brougham. Macaulay may have been greatly superior in moral dignity and uprightness of character to any of his "favourite aversions;" but his relentlessness is the point of which we are now speaking.

It will be natural for Catholics to ask what is to be thought of Macaulay's attitude towards the Church. That he was impressed by her historical grandeur is undeniable, and one of his most famous passages is that in his Essay on Ranke, in which he expresses this feeling. In his other works, however, he seldom misses an opportunity of a sneer or a taunt against the Catholic religion. He repeats all the old traditions which come in his way about the bad lives or the love of greed or the persecuting fury of Popes and churchmen. In all this he was a thorough Englishman of the time of Dutch William. It is remarkable how very little Macaulay ripened or advanced beyond the knowledge and stage of opinions with which he began public life. Mr. Trevelyan has told us how a College Essay of his uncle's on William the Third seems to contain the whole view of that character of Macaulay's favourite hero, as well as of that of Louis the Fourteenth, which we find in the *History of England*. In the same way as to Catholicism. No one can wonder that a young man of twenty-five should have written certain passages about the Italian view of Catholicism which occur in Macaulay's Essay on Machiavelli. What is wonderful is that at the end of his life he should have thought much the same on the same subject. It is perfectly true that he would have voted for Catholic Emancipation if he had been in Parliament when it was discussed. It is also true that he would have wished to see the Catholic Church endowed or paid

by the State in Ireland.¹ He regretted the folly of Lord John Russell's famous Durham Letter in 1850, but if he had been in Parliament at the time, as, luckily for his fame, he was not, he would probably have found excellent reasons for supporting the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. He tells us at the time, "Holland is angry and alarmed about the Papal Bull and the Archbishop of Westminster. I am not. But I am not sorry that other people take fright, for such fright is an additional security to us against that execrable superstition." A more moderate and sensible man, the late Lord Carlisle, writes in his diary at the time, of Macaulay—"He was rather less opposed to the No Popery cry, so rife at present, than I might have expected. He thinks the nonsense of people may be advantageously made use of to set them against the real mischief of Popish interference." Mr. Trevelyan, in a note to this passage, quotes from a letter of Macaulay's to his sister. "The Pope hates the English nation and Government. He meant, I am convinced, to insult and annoy the Queen and her Ministers. His whole conduct in Ireland has evidently been directed to that end. Nevertheless, the reasons popularly urged against the Bull seem to me absurd. We always knew that the Pope claimed spiritual jurisdiction, and I do not see that he now claims temporal jurisdiction. I could wish that Lord John had written more guardedly; and that, I plainly see, is the wish of some of his colleagues, and probably by this time is also his own. He has got much applause in England; but, when he was writing, he should have remembered that he had to govern several millions

¹ He says in a letter of 1843, to Mr. Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, "I do not on principle object to the paying of the Irish Catholic priests. I regret that such a step was not taken in 1829. I would, even now, gladly support any well digested plan which might be likely to succeed. But I fear that the difficulties are insurmountable. Against such a measure there are all the zealots of the High Church and all the zealots of the Low Church; the Bishop of Exeter, and Hugh M'Neile, Oxford, and Exeter Hall; all the champions of the voluntary system, all the English Dissenters, all Scotland, all Ireland, both Orangemen and Papists. If you add together the mass which opposed the late Government on the Education question, which opposed Sir James Graham's Education clauses last year, and the mass that is crying out for Repeal in Ireland, you get something like a notion of the force that will be arrayed against a Bill for paying the Irish Catholic clergy. What have you on the other side? You have the statesmen, both Tory and Whig, but no combination of statesmen is a match for a general combination of fools. And even among the statesmen, there is by no means perfect concord. The Tory statesmen are for paying the Catholic priests, but not for touching one farthing of the revenues of the Protestant Church. The Liberal statesmen (I for one, if I may lay claim to the name) would transfer a large part of the Irish Church revenues from the Protestants to the Catholics" (vol. ii. p. 147).

of Roman Catholics in Ireland, that to govern them at all is no easy task, and that anything that looks like an affront to their religion is certain to call forth very dangerous passions."

Here we have the typical Macaulay all over. Catholicism is an "execrable superstition." He is quite certain as to the interior feelings of the Pope, and the motives of his conduct. The Pope hates the English nation and Government, and has designedly annoyed and insulted them. What more childish drivelling than this was heard at any of the meetings which were held, or was inserted in any of the addresses which were drawn up, in protest against the "Papal aggression"? Then we have a glimpse of the man of common sense, historical knowledge, and political experience. The clamour against the Bull is unreasonable. After all, the Pope always claimed spiritual jurisdiction, and claims no more now. And then there is Ireland. Lord John should have remembered that this "execrable superstition" is the religion of a certain number of millions of her Majesty's subjects, and it is not the business of one who has to govern them—a difficult task at all times—to insult their most sacred convictions. It is not the love of truth and right which makes Macaulay disapprove of Lord John. Truth and right notwithstanding, it is a good thing that people should rage against the Pope. But it is a very grave offence to do anything that makes it difficult for a Whig Government to rule Ireland in peace.

The sentiments expressed in this passage give us the measure of Macaulay's mind. He was made up of prejudices and assumptions, on which he built up, by the aid of his wonderful memory and enormous acquaintance with some of the sources of knowledge, an immense mass of acquired facts which, to a very great extent, did not, as they might very easily have done, overload and confuse his mind. But his premisses are assumed, as they are assumed in the ordinary English mind, of which he is so good a type. He uses them freely to colour history and to interpret the actions and conduct of living men and the rulers of the Church of the day in which he lived. There is no trace in his life of any process of thought, of his working out his principles gradually to their legitimate conclusions, of the modifying effect of experience upon his *à priori* assumptions. Indeed, one is inclined to ask how much time for thought there was in that omnivorous reading of books for which he was famous. His critical and analytical powers, he says himself,

were not his strong points. Were they ever developed by cultivation? He passes his judgments freely, almost offhand. As regards men and characters, they are often sound, or at least clever and reasonable. A man who lives among men, a man who takes a part in Parliament, in society, in the government of the country, must acquire a certain amount of judgment by the mere process of being year after year what he is. But what great marks of deep-reaching analysis of character, or of philosophy, or of the springs of history, has Macaulay left behind him? What really great mind ever thought of the Catholic religion, the religion of humanity and history, of civilization and progress, that it was an "execrable superstition"?—a superstition so bad that when Englishmen had been for the moment excited against it by false representations to a pitch of unreasoning frenzy, the philosophical historian of his country, who saw through the illusion, might yet look on and rub his hands in joy at excesses which might revive the days of persecution, because of the security against that superstition to which they might contribute—and then go home to whitewash Dutch William for the Massacre of Glencoe, or pen a severe sentence against Jesuit moralists, whom his prejudices might lead him to accuse falsely of maintaining the principle of the lawfulness of doing evil that good might come?

IV.

The man Macaulay is so perfectly reflected in his works—save only as to those softer and more amiable characteristics which it has been the happy task of his nephew to paint for us in the book before us—that we may pass at once from our last remarks to the few short considerations which we can devote to his writings. We cannot within the space that remains to us attempt more. Lord Macaulay has in a singular degree among the popular writers of our time the merit of having published very little in comparison to the amount of his reading and information. This is one of the main elements of the permanence of his popularity. People feel that they are reading what has cost the writer a great deal of work. Mr. Trevelyan quotes a passage from Thackeray, which illustrates our meaning. "Take at hazard," he says, "any three pages of the *Essays or History*, and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions

to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Your neighbour, who has *his* reading and *his* store of literature stowed away in his mind, will detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating, not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful modesty, the honest humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

Another great element of his success was his carefulness in composition. When he was writing his History, which must be considered as his greatest work, he spent immense pains over every chapter. The readers of Mr. Trevelyan's second volume will find there a very interesting account of the manner in which Macaulay first of all filled his mind with information on the subject of the chapter on which he was engaged, then wrote off a long passage as fast as he could put pen to paper, making dashes do duty for words, and so on, in order that he might not lose the flow and vigour of his first inspiration—how, in the next place, he corrected and filed down and polished, until the paper was covered with emendations and marks of excision, how the passage in its new form was tested by being read aloud to others, and at last, after repeated alterations and, sometimes, recastings, it was written out again in a round hand for the printers. Macaulay lived, at least while he was engaged on his History, for the work to which he had devoted himself. He gave up all other pursuits, and became almost a recluse in the midst of the most brilliant society in England, which was quite ready to honour and *fêter* him as its own most brilliant ornament. He never forced himself beyond a certain task day by day, finding by experience that he could not do more in his best style. He would rather not write at all than write at his second best. Again, he put himself to very great pains to secure what was in his eyes the most important element of style, that is, clearness. It is to this we owe his short sentences, his hatred of pronouns, when he can use nouns, his repetition of relatives, which careless writers so often omit. He laboured even for the symmetry of the lines and spaces in his volumes as they were printed. He is, no doubt, a very artificial writer, but his labour was in very great measure spent for the benefit of his readers. Thus he was especially rejoiced when he got a vote of thanks from a collection of factory hands in the north for writing a History which they could understand, and when the reader in

a printing office ventured to point out a sentence as the only sentence as to which he had felt a difficulty.

Macaulay's success as a popular writer must, however, be largely credited to the series of subjects on which he wrote. He has done a great deal for the History of England in his formal history. He is always a Whig, and his history all through is Whig, and if we do not believe in all the articles of the Whig creed we must perforce dissent from his historical views. But, such as they are, his Essays cover a very large part of the ground of English history from the times of Elizabeth to those of George the Third. Just as most of what many men know of English history up to the Reformation is derived from Shakspeare, so most of what many men know of our history since that time comes from Macaulay. This goes far to secure for him the position which he occupies. If he had written only on abstract subjects—if his only surviving Essays had been those on Southey's *Colloquies*, or Mill on Government, or Sadler's *Law of Population*, he would be very soon forgotten. He chose a series of subjects on which he knew a great deal, and on which the average Englishman knew very little. These subjects were in themselves very interesting, on account of their connection with a period of the history of the country which, whatever may be its disgraces and failures, is still the period of the growth of England to the highest position in Europe which she has ever achieved, and to the possession of Empire in both hemispheres. This period had up to his time never had its "vates sacer," and to some extent it found that "vates" in the Macaulay of the *Essays*, as it might have found him still more in the Macaulay of the *History*, if his method of composition had not made it impossible for him to write the History which he projected within the ordinary span of a mortal life.

The readers of Macaulay's miscellaneous works may remember with pleasure two short papers in which Cæsar and Alcibiades respectively figure as the heroes. The one is in a dramatic form, and is called *Scenes from Athenian Revels*; the other is a *Fragment of a Roman Tale*. In each of these we see traces of a power which, if it had been more frequently used, might have made Macaulay famous as a writer of fiction. At least the command over erudition which is shown in the easy flow of the narrative or dialogue, full, of course, of references and allusions, is very striking. The scenes read as easily as chapters in a modern novel. The characters are slightly drawn,

and show no great depth of perception, and it may perhaps have been the want of this power which prevented Macaulay from attempting more in the same line of literature. We mention these fragments here because they are the only published instances of Macaulay's habit of romancing to himself on the scenes and characters of the bygone times with which he made himself so familiar. To this habit he attributes much of his minute accuracy of detail. When a picture has to be painted, every particle of costume and the attitude of each figure must be fixed and arranged. It is quite possible that this habit may have assisted him in the composition of the more picturesque and scene-like passages of the *Essays* or of the *History*. Certain it is, that he has been the great pattern of writing of this kind to scores of young aspirants after fame or success like his. The habit probably became a sort of nature to him, though we are bound to confess that we can never lose the sense of the utter "artificiality" of his more ambitious passages in this respect. His pictures are the pictures of a scene painter. As he had no ear for music, no eye for the beauties of landscape, and a knowledge of men that was rather literary, parliamentary, and redolent of the London season, than the fruit of the study of more natural types, it is no wonder that with all his labour and all his cleverness, he should leave upon us so unsatisfactory an impression. He has said somewhere that his style was very nearly a bad one, and that its defects would be very easily caught by his imitators.

His aim in literature was undoubtedly high. He desired above all things to produce a history which would live. He was not satisfied with the consciousness that he had done better than those who had gone before him. He measured himself rather against the great masters, at the head of whom he always placed Thucydides. His style is certainly clearer than that of the great master, and he has been very wise not to aim at the pregnancy of Thucydides. In truth, he had not the philosophy which Thucydides wrapped up in his sentences, in so many of which the sense seems to burst out of itself, without waiting for the forms of language to present it in due order. But the great defect of all in Macaulay's writings is, to speak quite plainly, their want of truth. We are very far from charging him with intentional misrepresentation. There are some minds which are so thoroughly and deeply partisan in character, that it seems in them to be no violation of conscience to grasp one side

of a question and shut their eyes to the other. Onesidedness is to them, in truth, instead of conscience. Such, we are sorry to say, is the mind of Mr. Gladstone with regard to all subjects connected with the Catholic religion, and in this Mr. Gladstone, like Lord Macaulay, is a model Englishman of the last century. Macaulay's unfairness runs through all he has written on almost all subjects. The Stuarts, the Catholic Church, Toryism in all its forms, never get from him fair play, not to say a good word. His eye is coloured, and sees everything in the light of its own disease. It is in vain for a man like this to accumulate mountains of information, and to spin out of his accumulated materials chapter after chapter of a history every line of which is based upon some fact or set of facts which his own mind has weighed and arranged. The disease cannot be limited to a certain range of subjects. The intellectual instrument is vitiated. The original sin of such a mind taints all that passes through it. The larger the store of matter, the more careful and elaborate the exposition, all the more mischievous and inveterate is the evil. The habit of his mind makes it play its antics even when he is not occupied upon the men and the things, which he honoured with special antipathy. He is as unfair to Penn as to James the Second, and as inaccurate about Swift and Stella as about Mary of Modena.

It was characteristic of Macaulay—and that it should have been so is a confirmation of the criticism which we have been making upon him—but he ignored the many criticisms which were made upon his history, and kept on republishing his Essays, when they no longer represented his more mature opinions. It would be childish to deny the importance of a work like the *History*, which gives us the result of so much industry and research in so popular a style. It would be hazardous to predict how soon it will be superseded and forgotten, for it would require another and a fairer Macaulay to supersede it and consign it to oblivion. It is perhaps not saying too much to add, that the world in general does not value the exact and impartial truth so very highly, as to be ready to discard at a word its favourite authors, who pander to its favourite passions, for what it thinks so slight a fault as that of want of truth. Mr. Trevelyan tells us a great deal which shows the enormous popularity of Macaulay's *History*. We are afraid to ask what has been the comparative success of Mr. Froude's—a work in brilliancy of style not inferior to

Macaulay's, though written without a hundredth part of his industry and knowledge of the subject, and with an unscrupulousness which makes his partisanship appear the most candid impartiality. It is with these writers, as with others of the class to which they belong. Their works become favourites with the people, who care little for truth, but a great deal for easy reading and what seems fine writing, and the impression which they give as to the history of a period works itself into the public mind, notwithstanding the constant exposure to details which these authors receive. They rub their hands, and hold their tongues, and congratulate themselves that their works will live, while the exposure of their blunders or misrepresentations will soon be forgotten.

Any man of industry, half as great as that of Lord Macaulay, might take the current literature of England since the appearance of his *History*, and find in it week after week and month after month an ever-increasing collection of misrepresentations exposed. The mistakes are sometimes matters of simple fact, like that picture of Swift at Sir William Temple's, on which the last biographer of the Dean of St. Patrick's has so recently commented;² sometimes they are versions of character, like the

² See the late Mr. Forster's first and only volume of his *Life of Swift*, p. 84. Mr. Forster begins by quoting Macaulay's account of the matter from his Essay on Sir William Temple. "An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman, who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as amanuensis for board and £20 a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a very pretty dark-eyed young girl who waited on Lady Giffard. . . . Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift; Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella." Mr. Forster goes on to pick this picture to pieces. (In a former page he has shown that Swift was not at all a dunce at Trinity College, Dublin). "What John Temple said, at the close of his life, of the man with whom his family had bitterly quarrelled, is the sole authority for the opening lines of this description, though even that does not justify the 'second' or 'servants' table. And a date will dispose of the closing statement as far as relates to the first residence. When Swift went to Moor Park, Esther Johnson was little over seven years of age. He spoke of her afterwards as only six, which was the old impression about her always in his mind; but she was really in her eighth year. Her mother was something more than waiting-woman, having rather the character of governess or companion ('friend and companion,' Scott believed her to have been), to Lady Giffard, with whom she remained so connected until that lady's death, and long after Swift had reached his highest fame. Two daughters, 'Hetty' and a younger sister, Ann, whose attractive appearance and modest manners find mention in the journal to Esther, lived with her in the house; and there is no evidence of either of them having waited upon anybody but themselves. Proof is equally wanting that anything 'eccentric' had yet shown itself in Swift. At no time can it fairly have been said that he was 'uncouth.' And 'disagreeable' as he doubtless had the power to be, his not less remarkable power of making himself agreeable was more likely to have impressed itself on the persons named at the time the description refers to."

view of Penn which Mr. Forster exposed while Macaulay was yet alive. Gradually, by the sure progress of time, literary men will come to be aware of the inaccuracies with which Macaulay's pages teem, and, at the same time, the advance of knowledge in the documents of the times of which he has treated will unfold sources of information to which he had no access. Perhaps, also, it may be predicted with some amount of certainty, that the public mind will not always remain enslaved by the traditions of the Revolution, and that Englishmen may hereafter come to see more truly what it is that makes a nation great.

In that case, the sympathy between himself and his audience, which is one of the great sources of Macaulay's influence, will no longer exist. The history of England will be written by other hands, and the historians of a future epoch will know enough of their subject not to take for granted a single statement or conclusion for which they have not more than his guarantee. His work will remain as a literary monument, but it will not be the history of England. As a literary monument it will be acknowledged to have many great merits. Its language is pure, its style is vigorous and clear. But even here, Lord Macaulay will never be classed with the greatest writers of English prose. He lacks beauty, tenderness, simplicity, grace, warmth, naturalness, and, above all, he lacks genius. Take the trouble to put one of his "purple patches" by the side of Dr. Newman's account of God in his *University Lectures*, or his description of the locusts or the possessed man in *Callista*, and the difference is not so much in the subject or in the fact that one writer is writing theology or fiction and the other history. The difference is the difference between genius and talent, between the blue sky of heaven and the fresh breath of spring on the one hand, and the sky in a landscape painting, or the air in a ball-room, on the other.

Some Adventures under the May Laws.

A YOUNG priest, one of the many German confessors of our day, has written a simple account of the persecution which he has undergone. As he modestly says, it is no greater than that which thousands of his brethren have suffered, less, indeed, than that which has been the lot of many. But still, for that very reason, it is a fair specimen of the treatment received from the men of "culture" by numbers of his countrymen, simply for doing their duty. He tells his story to all true-hearted Catholics, in the hope that their faith may be strengthened, their courage animated, and their love to the Church and their brethren deepened by the "ower true tale" of injustice and oppression, of patience and fidelity. As the sympathy he claims is not for himself, but for his cause, he does not tell his name, but writes as "Renitentus"—a very German way of expressing his resistance to unlawful authority.

In the October of 1873, the year of the too celebrated May Laws, our author was appointed by his bishop to the parish of N—. He found the presbytery locked, the key being in the pocket of the mayor, and so with his goods and chattels he made his entrance at the back. Next morning, the mayor appeared, and gave him notice to quit. Renitentus declined, and after some blustering, the mayor went into the village and summoned the people to turn out the furniture. Not one of them would stir, and the *déménagement* had to be effected by the *gendarmes*. The pastor and his belongings were housed by one of his parishioners, and the next step was the serving of a formal notice by the mayor, setting forth that the bishop's nomination was null and void, having been made without previous notification to the "Ober-präsident," and that the performance of any of his functions as parish priest would expose him to the full severity of the new laws. A similar document was addressed to the Ecclesiastical Council, and to the parishioners, while the schoolmaster was charged to refuse

his pastor admission to the school, and to give information in case of his presuming to instruct the children of his flock in their religion. This schoolmaster, a young man of advanced opinions, was directed to undertake all the religious teaching himself. Our poor Renitentus, thus regularly outlawed, began to ask himself in much bewilderment what duties the Government conceived were left to a priest to whom Church and school were forbidden ground. It had been hinted pretty broadly, that by adding the magical prefix "old," to his title of "Catholic priest," all difficulties would be over, and insult and persecutions exchanged for respectful deference and a fat benefice. But then, as he says—he had a conscience.

Next came a summons to appear before the mayor, to answer to divers charges. He had baptized children, nurses and sponsors could swear it; said Mass—a *gendarme* had heard him; preached—the "Liberal" schoolmaster had even taken notes of the sermon; buried the dead—the gravedigger's evidence was read. No notice being taken of this summons, another followed to appear before the magistrates of Trèves, and as the culprit neither appeared nor paid the fine incurred by his contumacy, his furniture was put up to auction in the street. The poor priest sold everything to his friendly host, to save from the hammer the things his mother had pinched herself to buy, and then, there being nothing but himself to seize, he was sentenced to the payment of a heavier fine or to a month's imprisonment. Accordingly, in the spring of 1874, he was arrested, just as he was leaving the altar after saying Mass. The scene was one which has been often acted in Germany, and which will never be forgotten by many a faithful pastor and flock. The news spread quickly through the village, and the church was thronged with men, women, and children, weeping aloud and eager for a last blessing.

Then followed comfort, counsel, and the words,
That make a man feel strong in speaking truth,

as he bade them, in a broken voice, cling closely and faithfully, come what might, to the one holy, Catholic, Roman Church, be true to the Pope, to their bishops, and to the priests appointed by them, and to pray for him who was forced from them. He could hardly tear himself from the poor people who accompanied him to the station, cheering him as he went, till in obedience to him, they kept silence.

"This sort of thing makes one's duty hard work," said the *gendarme*; "I would rather arrest a hundred murderers than one priest."

"Why so? Don't we follow quietly?"

"Quietly enough; but you see it makes *me* feel the culprit. I would rather break stones than have much more of this work."

"You are only doing what you are obliged to do: the responsibility lies with your superiors."

"That's all very well, but it is not a pleasant business, and my family are the worse for it. Why, my wife can't get so much as a drop of milk in the village, because she *is* my wife."

"That is not fair: and when I come out of prison I shall see to it."

The prison was the old Dominican convent at Trèves, and the venerable Bishop of the diocese and several priests were confined there. The thought gave encouragement as well as pain: "Döllinger was wrong when he talked of a thousand priests who think like him; but *I* can say that a thousand priests not only think, but act and suffer like me! The unbelieving enemy who persecutes, scorns, and insults us, must bow to the fact that, in spite of prison, banishment, and hunger, the whole Catholic priesthood stands firm as one man in fidelity to the Church, and will not trample on their convictions and their conscience for the sake of worldly goods. This is the strength, the unity of the Church, which is rooted in nothing human, and which therefore does not stand and fall with human weakness. Here is her divine character shown. If the Catholic Church were the work of man, if we priests had not the living consciousness of her divinity, how easily would hundreds of the clergy who have been victims of the May Laws have yielded to the weakness of nature! On the one side sharp suffering, on the other temptation! But it was not so, and therefore, because the results of the 'war of culture' are nothing, indeed, for the Government, but great moral victories for the Church, the continuation of the war cannot bring about the issue desired by the State. On the one side there is physical force, on the other men's consciences; and they are not to be crushed by legal proceedings, *gendarmes*, arrests, imprisonment, or banishment."

The prison discipline and diet were hard enough. The latter consisted entirely of soup, more or less watery, known as "slime soup," so that, "a potato would have been hailed as

a delicacy," and there was real suffering from hunger through lack of all solid food. The bed "might be called a rack; it was an iron frame supporting a narrow sack tightly stuffed with straw, which reminded one more of the trunk of a tree than of anything, much too short into the bargain. . . . The pillows were two bits of rag filled with straw, very like the unleavened cakes of the Jews both as to breadth and thickness." Books and writing materials were, at first, forbidden. Later on, this severity was relaxed, and poor Renitentus made his first acquaintance with Silvio Pellico in a very suitable place for appreciating his book, which he thinks ought to be in every prison library. His pockets had been cleared, and the solitary prisoner vainly longed for the solace of looking at his watch or smoking a cigar. Well may he say that it is easy for the Liberal Press to make light of the imprisoned priests and bishops. Theirs is not indeed a martyrdom like that of the early Christians, yet surely such a solitary confinement as he describes is full of suffering, which, he truly says, is all the more keenly felt by men of education and refinement. A man who was condemned to a fortnight of it for some offence against the laws of the Press wrote: "I am certainly no Ultramontane, but I marvel at the steadfastness, the courage, and the fidelity to their convictions of the Catholic priests."

The only recreation permitted to the priests was a "walk," as it was called, in the inner court of the prison, in the centre of which was a pump round and round which they went, "like horses in a circus trotting round the groom who stands in the middle." One can imagine what these meetings must have been to the prisoners. Here our friend made acquaintance with Franz Schneiders, of St. Laurence's Church, who had not then appeared in the columns of the *Times*. He was a young man of twenty-six, full of kindliness, "an excellent priest, and a first-rate companion." At this time he was strong and healthy-looking; but "seventeen months of confinement and prison diet have changed him now." Then we hear of an old priest, whose health is very frail, but who is a pattern of fortitude and cheerful trust: "he never complained, was always in good spirits, and put all his confidence in God, Who never forsakes His own."

Another was the life of his companions; full of a spirit of fun which no amount of "slime soup" and straw-sacking could repress, and which prompted him to play off a trick on the

overseer, a conceited fellow, who gave himself airs of superiority and imagined himself born for higher things. One day, when the prisoners were discussing some historical question, the overseer informed them that history was among his numerous accomplishments. This inspired the mischievous prisoner with the idea of dictating to him a sketch of the Battle of Cannæ, in the hope that he would boast of the performance as his own. Renitentus had not been long back in his cell, when the overseer appeared with a paper—"a historical study," which he offered for his perusal. It ran as follows :

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. On the one bank stood Leonidas with ten elephants and six four-pounders; on the other Caius Julius Cæsar, by Pompey's Pillar. The battle raged long amid the smoke of batteries. At last Leonidas sprang upon the foremost elephant, rushed into the ranks of the enemy, and telegraphed to Rome: "I came, saw, and conquered."

After awhile, Renitentus was placed in another part of the prison with six companions, a relief for which he was intensely thankful. In spite of all their hardships they were cheerful and contented: the one great loss remained, for which nothing could make up—they could not offer the Holy Sacrifice.

Twice a week Mass was said for the prisoners in the prison-chapel, and there, kneeling among criminals of all grades and ages, from young boys to grey-haired men, was the Bishop of the diocese, his calm face and bearing telling plainly that he bore his troubles cheerfully for the good of the Church and in defence of his convictions. Such, indeed, was the feeling of all. Once, when the author expressed his sorrow at seeing the sick priest who has been mentioned before growing paler and thinner day by day, he answered, smiling: "If hundreds and thousands go to battle full of enthusiasm, and endure all sorts of labours and privations for the sake of an idea—for the love of their country—why should not I sacrifice everything for the sake of so great and glorious an idea as that which is being fought for in *this* battle?"

On the whole, the warders and overseers behaved well to the imprisoned priests. "We can hardly bear it," said one of them, "and we are ashamed to set this *trough* before you; but we can and dare do nothing for you."

Renitentus was kept in prison five months and a half, at the

end of which time, as he says, the Government appeared to have become convinced that he was an incorrigible subject, entirely impenetrable to the ideas of "culture," in spite of the opportunity which had been afforded him of meditating thereupon at his leisure. His return to his people was a gala; thousands met him on the road; the whole place was gay with flags and garlands, and his room was dressed with bouquets of flowers. But much as he was touched by the affectionate welcome, he felt obliged to repress all these outward demonstrations, for which the good people were likely enough to pay dearly. He had seen more than one in the prison he had just left whose worst crime was a "hurrah!" to greet the return of his pastor.

So ends the prison experience which forms the first part of the story. The second and more interesting portion tells the tale of his wanderings, the "Odyssey," as he calls it, which followed the imprisonment. Before resuming his duties among his flock, Renitentus went to recruit his strength by a short visit to his relations, and during this time there appeared an official warrant for his capture, with a full description of his person, notwithstanding which he returned to N—, where the first thing that met his eyes was a notice nailed to his door, ordering him to quit the district ("Bezirk") within twenty-four hours. The prescribed time had long since elapsed, and he left the notice where it was. Next morning, after saying Mass in a densely crowded church, he was arrested a second time, and the heart-breaking scene of six months ago was repeated. "Where are you taking me?" he inquired of his captor. "I do not know, sir; my orders were to arrest you, that is all." He was conducted to the Mayor's Court, where the extraordinary proposal was made to him that he should defray the expenses of a conveyance for himself and the *gendarme* to K—, and on his naturally declining, he was told that he must, in that case, go on foot. It was a three days' journey, and he said it was out of his power to do so; so they locked him up in the engine-house while the question was referred to a higher authority, and a doctor consulted, who certified his inability to walk the distance. A carriage was offered by a gentleman in the neighbourhood; but they had not gone far before a *gendarme* rode up, stopped the carriage, and demanded the written permission of the Landrath for its use. No such document was forthcoming, so the poor wearied priest was ordered out, and proceeded on foot, while the man in charge who had accompanied

him went back for the written order. The scene which followed is one which could hardly be believed on less credible evidence, and the sufferer himself says that if it had been described to him he should have thought it untrue, or at least grossly exaggerated. The *gendarme* rode his horse at the prisoner, so that he was literally upon him (*auf dem Nacken*). If he attempted to get out of the way the man followed, the horse rearing, so that the priest was every moment in danger of being ridden down; and hundreds of persons who witnessed this disgraceful scene cried out to implore the *gendarme* to keep at a greater distance. "It's the way we do to them all!" was the brutal answer. And so the priest was driven on, like a hunted animal, for an hour, before the carriage re-appeared with the order for its use. It was noon before he broke his fast at a village inn, where the good people not only set their best before him, and gave him provisions for the rest of the journey, but absolutely refused all payment—a proof of generous devotedness greater than it may seem at first sight, when we consider that far slighter marks of attachment to a faithful priest have been often treated as crimes by the "Liberal" Prussian Government. Late in the evening a halt was made for the night, and at the Mayor's office Renitentus recognized in the presiding authority an old schoolfellow whom he had helped over many an imposition in former days, but who now ignored his outstretched hand, observed a strictly official demeanour, asked his name, and consigned him for the night to the ruins of an old castle, which did duty as a temporary prison.

Next morning the journey was continued on foot, as leave for using the carriage had not been given any further. This time the *gendarme* in charge turned out a very good fellow, in spite of a ferociously martial expression. After some hesitation he agreed to his prisoner's proposal to lighten the fatigue at the cost of lengthening the journey, by stopping at the different presbyteries on the way for a short visit. The glass of wine which he got on these occasions no doubt reconciled him to the delay, but he confessed that he was heartily ashamed of his employment; and though he stared a little at first when the peasants greeted his prisoner with the good old Christian salutation, "Praised be Jesus Christ," it was not long before he joined him in the answer, "For ever, amen."

It was quite dark when they crossed the district frontier, and the *gendarme* shook hands with his prisoner as he asked

him where he thought of going? "I have no notion, my good fellow; but I must look out for a lodging somewhere." And then and there they parted, high among the hills, with a keen wind driving the snow in the face of the exile. He was a perfect stranger to the neighbourhood, and so, no sooner had his companion left him, than he turned back, recrossed the forbidden frontier, and walked back for a good two hours to the house of the *confrère* he had last visited, who was greatly astonished to see him again, but gladly fed and housed him. "These days of ours," said he, "remind one of the fate of the French priests in the Revolution. The few who took the constitutional oath were favoured by the Government, but despised by the people for sacrificing their consciences to the Moloch of the State. Even Napoleon said as much; but history praises the others now, though they had to wander about, to lose their position, and sometimes to die by the guillotine. And history will one day pass the same judgment on those German priests and bishops who esteemed conscience more highly than a fat benefice."

After a day's rest Renitentus, provided by his friend with the necessary funds, made his way to the nearest railway, and so, right "into the jaws of the wolf," that is, to the capital of the forbidden district, where he bought a suit of clothes in character with the part he had resolved to play, that of *commis-voyageur* to an imaginary wine-merchant. Thus equipped, he could defy the police officials, especially as he now wore a thick beard, *à la Dr. Falk*. He walked with mingled feelings of sadness and thankfulness round the prison which still held the venerable bishop and so many of his brethren, and then went to the Cathedral to pray for strength and courage for them, himself, his flock, and all true German Catholics.

Two days later, the stage-coach was taking him to the place which he had been banished from a week ago. Little did the *gendarme* (the same who had behaved so brutally on the road) guess who was the travestied person in the corner, when he looked into the coach at the journey's end. He passed him again in the village, but who could suspect a recalcitrant priest in the singer of so "patriotic" a song as *Ich bin ein Preusse: Kennt ihr meine Farben?*—"I am a Prussian: do you know my colours?" which stood him in good stead on more occasions than one. His own house, he knew, would

not be safe, so he only stayed there long enough to pack a few necessaries, and then went to that of a friend, who took care to let the people know that their pastor was among them, and would say Mass early in the morning. Every place in the church was full, and the sobs of his hearers often interrupted him when he charged them in a few earnest words from the pulpit to be true to the faith of their fathers, and pledged himself, come what might, to remain faithful to the Church and to his bishop.

After Mass, a sum of money was handed to him, which had been collected without his knowledge for his support in the wandering, uncertain existence which lay before him.

Of course the presence of the contumacious priest could not remain a secret long. He had heard confessions after Mass, given Communion, administered Baptism, and visited the sick; and by eight o'clock the police were astir. In due time a *gendarme* presented himself at the house where he was lodged, but his host had already placed him in a safe hiding-place, safe, that is to say, from fear of discovery, but not without some danger. It was a dark corner of the "well-house," on a few boards laid over the water, behind the turning-wheel. The house was searched from cellar to loft, beds and presses were rummaged, casks overturned, even the door of the well-house opened. Here, however, the *gendarme* did not care to pursue his researches too far, and left the house with the promise "to wring the confounded fellow's neck when he did catch him."

As soon as night fell the "commercial traveller" left N— by footways and bye-paths through fields and gardens, leaving his friendly host to make known to the parishioners his intention of reappearing the following Sunday and saying Mass, this time as early as two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile he returned to the town, bent on making acquaintance with the Landrath, whom he had always heard mentioned as one of the stoutest champions of the war of culture. He found out the hotel, which did duty as casino, where the Landrath spent an hour or two every evening, and took a seat at a table round which sat a party consisting, as he learnt afterwards, of the mayor, the doctor, and the lawyer of the place, besides the Landrath himself, and a tax-commissioner. There were two other guests in the room, who appeared strangers. The conversation at first turned on indifferent subjects, but gradually got round to the inevitable subject of the day—the "war of culture." It is worth quoting.

"The bitter feelings of the people in these parts,' I said, 'strike me as remarkable. A man who travels as much as I do, has the best opportunities of getting to know the state of mind of the inhabitants. And it seems to me that there is some fault to be found with the behaviour of officials in this business. The official is a man, and as a man he takes part eagerly for or against; for in this struggle the dearest interests of men are concerned, and so, unluckily, it often happens that the requisite composure and objectivity get lost sight of, and their place is taken by bitterness and subjective party feeling. This is the case, certainly, with persons who are, from want of education and the nature of their calling, without all delicacy. For instance, it is impossible for the Government, or those who make the laws, to intend to sanction the conduct of many of the *gendarmes*, which must be condemned by every right-thinking man.'

"The Landrath, who had not lost one of my words, moved uneasily on his seat, and stroked his huge moustache vigorously.

"But what would be the result,' replied my *vis-à-vis*, 'if the laws of the Government should continue to be set at nought? Unless the insolence of the priests is checked, there will be an end of all respect for law and order among the people. What I say is, that the Government *must* step in, and where lenity and forbearance would be mere weakness, there cannot be any special delicacy in the choice of means. If the priests won't submit, they must be made to feel.'

"Do you really think, then, that the *gendarmerie*, trials, and prisons are effectual weapons against men's consciences? I am certainly no enemy of the State, and I love my country; but just for that reason I cannot but most deeply lament the whole contest with its miserable details. It has made a rent in the land which will not close easily, dealt wounds to the heart of the people which will not heal soon.'

"And things will go further still, my good sir. I am a member of the Lodge, and tolerably *au fait*. If imprisonment and deprivation have no effect on the bishops, their stipends will be withdrawn, and their whole connection with the Pope dissolved. Then the ambassadorship at the Curia will be abolished, and should the Pope do the least thing to give the Government a handle for further proceedings, the Bull of 1821, *De salute animarum*, will simply be declared null. And if the people get troublesome, then the district or the province

will be put in a state of siege, and the Ultramontane papers, those plague-sores of Germany, suppressed.'

"I quite believe that you may be right, and that the Government will shrink from no measures, however violent; but I do not believe that the bishops will sacrifice their convictions for the sake of a salary. I respect every sincere conviction.'

"Fiddlesticks! The priests are determined to keep the people in ignorance, and they must do so in order to continue to exist and not feel the ground give way under their feet; they lord it over the masses, and their dignity, enveloped in clouds of incense, will stoop to no accommodation with the laws. The Government, on the contrary, would enlighten and emancipate the people—get them out of leading-strings—that's the real point of the struggle. The priests mask their obstinacy to the eyes of the people by the phrase, "We must obey God rather than man;" but among themselves they laugh, like the Roman augurs, over the stupidity of the mob.'

"That accusation of the priests cheating and deceiving the people is so dashing a one that I seek in vain for a proof of it. Certainly the bishops and priests *suffer* for their principles; and, after all, one must have religion, or there is an end of civil liberty; for never will the people be enlightened to such a pitch as to render a positive religion superfluous; never will the people be so inoculated with so-called "moral principles" as to do good because it is good, and to shun evil because it is evil. Rob them of their God, of their faith in eternity and its retribution, and they will sink to the level of the brutes; then their unbridled passions and impulses will break all bounds, and a peaceable social life become impossible. . . . Only a madman, or a man blinded by fanaticism, can be so hostile to Christianity and the bishops as to make that charge of deliberate falsehood and deception. You alluded just now to the Roman augurs—let me allude to the national Liberals of our day. Was it not political hypocrisy, when persons calling themselves Liberal gave their sanction, in spite of knowing better, to laws which they condemned in their hearts? Look at the military service law, at the Landsturm law, at the rejection or adjournment of the motion for direct right of election! Is it real Liberalism for the majority of the representatives of the people to sanction laws which the people reject, merely out of deference to the Imperial Chancellor or the

Government? Is it not making a farce of constitutional rule?’

“‘I confess,’ replied the Freemason, ‘that I do not agree in all points with the proceedings of the national Liberal party, but, at the same time I am obliged to go with it because it is the only support of the Government, which, without it, would be unable to perform its civilizing mission against the enemies of the Empire, whether red or black. That in so doing many concessions are made which the Liberals themselves do not approve is true, but inevitable; but, believe me, the times will alter, and then we shall attack the Government in its position of absolutism.’

“‘And so, merely from considerations of conscience, you now agree to laws which are to be upset at a later day. Well, *populus vult decipi!* And people give their votes for anything, even what their conscience disapproves, in order that the Government may carry on the war against the Ultramontane party. Well, I call myself liberal, but for that very reason I condemn such line of conduct. And I condemn too the measures that are being taken against the refractory priests. . . . Only yesterday I saw what confirmed me in my views. I was at N——, where the banished priest had returned, and had ‘illegally’ said Mass. The police were on the alert in pursuit of him, but in vain; the people defended their pastor. Are not such incidents a *fiasco* for the Government? Do you think they tend to increase and strengthen the love of the Fatherland?’

“‘You were at N—— yesterday?’ exclaimed the Landrath suddenly, turning to me.

“‘Yes, I was. Does that interest you?’

“‘Certainly it does, for this is the first I have heard of the pastor’s return and of his officiating. That man’s defiance of the law goes too far.’

“‘Why so? Because he does not let the police get hold of him? I certainly would not; for if I understand the priest’s standpoint rightly, he considers himself bound in conscience to remain at the post assigned to him by his Bishop till he is forcibly driven from it.’

“‘The doctor, who sat next to the Landrath, muttered something that sounded like ‘Jesuit in disguise.’

“‘You are mistaken,’ I said, turning to him with a smile. ‘I am a travelling wine merchant of liberal views and friendly to the Empire.’

"'And so they did not catch the pastor?' asked the Landrath.

"'No: at least they had not done so when I left the place.'

"'If those peasants don't submit,' said the Landrath angrily, 'I shall just say the word and send a body of soldiers into the place till they are tamed.'¹

"The rest of the party nodded approval.

"'As this affair seems to be of importance to you,' I said to the Landrath, 'I should advise your having the church closely watched next Sunday from as early as five or six o'clock, as doubtless the pastor will re-appear there on that day.' And thereupon I made my bow, leaving the gentlemen to puzzle their heads over my character and to revile the 'disguised Jesuit' to their heart's content."

Our friend spent the remainder of the week in a village on the Luxembourg frontier, the Moselle being the boundary. At this very time fell the *fête patronale* of the Church, and the pastor of the place, our Renitentus, and another priest—all three under the ban of the May laws, and all wearing thick beards—met by appointment to celebrate High Mass at nine o'clock. Every precaution had been taken by the people. A boat was in readiness to take them across the river in case of need, all the rest of the boats being removed to as great a distance as possible and made fast to the shore, and sentinels were posted about the place to give warning of danger. Hardly was Mass over when a lad ran into the church to give the alarm. The priests hastily unvested, charged the people to keep perfectly quiet, and made the best of their way to the river. The *gendarmes* were not two hundred yards off; but the boat was safely reached, and had pushed off some distance when they reached the bank, where they were greeted by much "chaff" from the fugitives, who regretted the trouble they had had and advised them to rest themselves a little and get cool. The river side was crowded by the parishioners, cheering and waving hands and handkerchiefs, and the three "recusants" landed safely, congratulating themselves on drinking their coffee in a village inn instead of a Prussian prison.

Renitentus had relations in a town not far off, for which he took his passage in one of the Moselle boats, the captain of which turned out to be an old schoolfellow, who was much surprised to see him in such unclerical garb. When the story was told, the honest sailor bid him fear nothing while he was

¹ This is literally true.

on his boat; but an unexpected danger appeared in the shape of the *gendarmes* from whom the dark corner of the coach and the patriotic song had so lately saved him. These, however, were closer quarters, and recognition seemed certain. A few words put the captain *au fait*: he beckoned his old friend into his cabin, where, as he said, he might easily lie *perdu* till the end of the passage. "But that would be very dull in such fine weather, and we will do things more poetically. You seem to be going through a practical course of the *Æneid* and *Odyssey*; why not do the same with the 'Metamorphoses?' When once a reverend pastor has turned into a commercial traveller, he can surely change from that to a sailor." Accordingly he donned a red jacket and cap, went on deck again, and got safely to B—.

Saturday saw him again on his way to his faithful people, and an hour after midnight he was in the church. No lights could be ventured on, and in darkness and silence one after another stole in, after whispering a pass-word to the sacristan who stood at the door. Confessions were heard till two; and then two candles were placed on the altar, screens arranged on each side, curtains drawn before the windows, and Mass was said. It must have been a night never to be forgotten by that hunted priest and his faithful people. The dark thronged church, the stillness scarcely broken by the low voices of the celebrant and his server, and now and then by a stifled sob. When Mass was over, Holy Communion was given, then the priest blessed his children, and left the place as he had entered it, in silence and alone.

The Landrath faithfully followed the friendly advice he had received, and the police watched the church with exemplary but unrewarded patience for some hours.

In the course of the week the following letter was sent to the banished pastor; and what must have been the consolation of such an assurance of fidelity and zeal in the midst of persecution and hardship.

Honoured "Herr Pastor,"—It seems that the police are on the scent: we must go to work very cautiously, and so we have put ourselves in communication with the parish priests of the neighbourhood, and receive their permission for you to offer the Holy Sacrifice at night on the three next Sudays, at P— G—, R—, and M—. Your parishioners will meet you at these villages. We have taken every precaution to prevent your arrest, trustworthy sentinels will be posted;

a short sharp whistle is the signal of danger ; the cry of the cuckoo the token that all is right. Your people will keep true, in spite of every trial and sacrifice, to the priest sent by their bishop ; and nothing shall make us waver in our devotion to the Church, Catholic and Roman, the Pope and the bishops. We thank you for shrinking from no trouble to be a faithful shepherd to your flock.

All went well on the next three Sundays, on the fourth came a change. At midnight Renitendus was crossing a field leading to the village of M——, when a shrill sharp whistle struck his ear, then another, this time close at hand, and now horses' hoofs were heard coming nearer and nearer. No one was to be seen, and not a house was in sight where he could take refuge. By-and-bye a *gendarme's* helmet glittered in the moonlight, and a voice called out: "What did that whistle mean?" A man jumped out of a ditch, and ran across the field, the *gendarme* was about to give chase, when he saw the priest, and asked what was his business. No answer being given he was ordered to march, with a threat of being ridden down if he attempted to escape. He was taken before the authorities of the place, identified, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, at the end of which he was banished from the German Empire by command of the Government. This term of imprisonment was very hard, the diet so execrable that he fell sick in consequence, and his treatment rude and insulting to the last degree. On this subject he says that he mentions it not for the sake of complaint, knowing well that far worse was endured by thousands of confessors of old, but to protest against the crying injustice of the Government in treating political prisoners, suffering for their adherence to a principle, in precisely the same way as the basest criminals.

The four weary weeks came to an end. Forty-eight hours were given him before leaving his country, which he had simply and firmly declared he would not do voluntarily ; his conscience as a Catholic priest forbade that ; but he would wait quietly for what was coming. The poor young priest was to have a consolation before his exile, which, he says, made him forget all he had suffered. His mother was waiting for him. She had read the announcement of his banishment in the papers, and come to bid him farewell.

"It was one of the happiest hours of my life ; but how can I linger over this bright spot, this sunbeam that broke out of the clouds into my dark life ? Let the reader remember that I

am the only son of an aged mother who spent her last heller and bore many privations for the sake of educating him, who thanked God with tears when she saw him a priest at the altar, and who now after long separation met him on the eve of his exile to bid him farewell, perhaps for ever. We sat together, hand in hand, late into the night. I told her all my story, and she laughed and wept by turns. I have never seen her since."

And now we come to the closing scene of this pathetic drama. It was three days before Christmas, and the banished priest resolved to risk everything rather than leave his people without Mass on the feast. It was fearful weather; snow had fallen heavily for a week and lay several feet deep; not a trace of a road was to be seen, but he had promised his people to be with them at midnight, and he started at three in the afternoon. At every step he sank two or three feet in the snow, heavy flakes, driven by a strong wind, almost blinded him, and he began to fear that even if he did not lose his way, he should never reach N—— in time. Once he walked right into a stream, but on he went. The man who defies the mighty Prussian Government is not to be daunted by a snowstorm.

It was half-past eleven when the brave-hearted priest reached his journey's end. Neither his flock nor the police had thought his appearance possible in such weather, so all was quiet in the village, and a suppressed cry of joy greeted his entrance into the church, where one of the parishioners was saying the rosary with the congregation. "As the clock struck twelve I began Mass—never with such joy and devotion before—and very touching it was when one of the choir, in a low voice, intoned the glorious hymn: *Heiligste Nacht! Finsterniss weicht*—'Holiest night! the darkness flies.' During the first Mass, I gave a short sermon on the text, 'Glory be to God in the highest: peace to men of good will.' Never did the words come so entirely from my heart, never was I so happy as then. Yes, *happy*. Let the man of 'culture' and the unbeliever mock as they may; happy, in spite of trial and persecution: all weariness, all pain, and care were gone, and tears of joy and sorrow filled my eyes as I thought of the circumstances under which I was keeping the holy Christmas feast, and of the faithful devotion of my people to their Church. It was a happiness such as the world cannot give. I said my three Masses, baptized three children, and gave my flock the general absolution. Then my good and faithful children pressed

round me, clinging to my hand and weeping. I said a few parting words, and tearing myself from their entreaties to stay a little longer, passed once more into the darkness of the night. Next morning, when I reached the house of a priest, in the neighbourhood, I broke down, and lay for many days in a violent fever.

"Since then, I have only been twice at N——. To do so more frequently would have been running into the arms of the police, for my parish is desolate. The nearest church is an hour and an half's journey from N——, and only a small number could get there on Sundays in that bitter winter to hear Mass. My people have no teaching—no priest to administer the sacraments, to console the sick, to bring the food of life to the dying . . . but their Father in heaven is merciful !

"I have related the manifestations and the results of the war of culture in Prussia merely as they exhibited themselves in my person : similar scenes are repeated every day in all directions. The whole country sits sorrowing, and the priests are prisoners, or emigrants, or, like myself, homeless wanderers. And yet it is a contest in which the State will not triumph ! It may make new laws, and take the bread out of the mouths of the priests ; but it will learn all the more plainly that it has to do with *Catholic* priests."

Utinam.

Oh, that we loved Thee purely !
Loved Thee, our God, our all ;
With a love that is large and joyous,
Not love that is cramped and small !

Oh, that the best affections
Of hearts that are warm and true,
Were lavished in richest treasure
Where only such wealth is due !

Oh, that our souls were gardens
Of flowers most sweet and rare,
All watered with tears of penance,
And nourished with faithful prayer !

Oh, that our wills so feeble,
Grew strong with the strength of love,
Till they broke earth's fetters, and changed them
For links that are forged above !

Oh, that the pride which spurs us
To things unworthy and base,
Would soar on a grander pinion,
And strive in a nobler race !

Oh, that our sensitive spirits,
That shrink from the shadow of shame,
Were callous to pain that is selfish,
And keen for their Master's fame !

Oh, that the grief that moves us,
Were grief for God's love reviled :
For wounds that the Heart of a Father
Has borne from the hand of a child !

Oh, that our poor complainings
Were changed into grateful lays ;
That the sighs of a heart in sadness
Were fragrant with perfume of praise !

Lord help our earnest desires,
And give them a deeper root ;
Let them grow into flower and blossom,
And ripen to glorious fruit !

C. P.

*Some Considerations on the Civilization of the Nineteenth Century.*¹

I.

I SUPPOSE, if there is one sentiment more than another of which we may, without hesitation, affirm that it is deeply rooted in the popular mind, it is the notion of the surpassing excellence of the times in which we live. Of course this kind of self-complacency is no new thing in the world. The boast that we are "much better than our fathers" is as old as Homer, and probably much older. But in these days it has risen to the dignity of a serious conviction, and forms the most noticeable item in the popular *credenda*. "A fervent belief that we have progressed, are progressing, and must progress, not only in things material, but in the excellence of our political arrangements, and in what is called (with an ever-varying definition) pure religion, is an article of faith which all who aspire to popular favour must surely believe, or at all events profess."² It is indeed a "comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it." And much is said. It is an unfailing topic for post-prandial and journalistic eloquence, and uniformly elicits loud applause. But amid the chorus of journalists and orators, prophesying smooth things, other voices occasionally make themselves heard. Thus a popular writer, who justly occupies a prominent position in contemporary English literature, complains :

Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it nothing that the trains only carry him from an illiberal dismal life at Islington to an illiberal dismal life at Camberwell ; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there (Matthew Arnold, *Friendship's Garland*, p. 146).

¹ This paper, slightly abridged, was read before the Academia of the Catholic Religion at Archbishop's House, Westminster, on May the 9th, 1876.

² *Quarterly Review*, October, 1871, p. 569.

And a deeper thinker, also holding a high place in public esteem, while celebrating the advance which he considers society to have made in these days, adds, "It is impossible to deny that we have lost something in our progress."³ My object in the present paper is to give, in such brief and imperfect fashion as alone is possible to me, some account of what it is that we have gained and what it is that we have lost; to touch upon the more salient notes of the present age; to endeavour to ascertain what is, in the main, its spirit, and whither it is tending; to sum up, in fact, the leading characteristics of that phase of modern civilization which presents itself to us in this nineteenth century.

II.

I have advisedly employed those last words, "that phase of modern civilization which presents itself to us in this nineteenth century;" and, before I go further, I should like to make one or two remarks explanatory of the sense which I attach to them. And first, as to the word "civilization." It is a word which has been in use for little more than a hundred years—Dr. Johnson, we are told, would not allow of it—and which is used very indefinitely and in widely differing significations. Thus Burke⁴ deemed the essence of civilization to consist in "the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman." The author of *Supernatural Religion* tells us, "Civilization is nothing else but the knowledge and observance of natural laws."⁵ Dean Church, in his eloquent and suggestive, but, as I venture to think, vague and inconclusive *University Sermons*, observes:⁶ "I use the word civilization, from want of a better, to express all that trains and furnishes man for that civil state which is his proper condition here: all skill and endeavour and achievement, all exercise and development of thought, restricted to the present state of things; the high and improving organization of society,

³ Lecky, *Hist. of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 409.

⁴ *Reflections on Revolution in France*. Works, vol. iv. p. 215. The following is the passage referred to. "Nothing is more certain than that our manners, our civilization, and all good things which are connected with manners and civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined: I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion."

⁵ P. 53.

⁶ *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford*, p. 7, second edition. It is right to add that in his introductory "notice," Mr. Church professes "only to touch, without any pretension to system and most inadequately," the subject of which he treats.

primarily for the purposes of the present life." M. Guizot, in his well-known *Lectures*,⁷ expressly declines to venture upon a definition of civilization; and Mr. Buckle, as far as I can ascertain, has nowhere told us precisely what he means by the word, although he undoubtedly restricts it to the "triumph of mind over external agents."⁸ Nor does Balmez state very clearly his conception of the term, although he gives us⁹ a diffuse comparison between the civilizations of antiquity and the civilization of Christendom, and indicates as the source of the immense superiority of the latter its "possession of the principal truths with respect to the individual, the family, and society." It is, I think, to Mr. John Stuart Mill that we must turn for the best and clearest explanation.

The word civilization [he remarks with his usual lucidity and precision] is a word of double meaning. We are accustomed to call a country civilized if we think it more improved, more eminent in the best characteristics of man and society, further advanced in the road to perfection, happier, nobler, wiser. But, in another sense, it stands for that kind of improvement only which distinguishes a wealthy and powerful nation from savages or barbarians.¹⁰

It is in the second or restricted sense that Mr. Mill uses the word in the essay from which this passage is quoted. In the present paper I propose to employ it in the former and wider sense.

And having said so much in explanation of the term "civilization," let me now make a few observations to elucidate the other words in which I have described the scope of this paper. I have said that I wish to try to sum up the leading characteristics of that phase of modern civilization which presents itself to us in this nineteenth century. Modern civilization may be considered in point of time to be conterminous with the Christian era. We may date the decline of the old order of things, and the growth of the new, from the introduction of Christianity into the world. The first eight centuries of our era are the period of the formation of Christendom. As the vast fabric which the Roman people had slowly and patiently built up, decayed with the virtues political, domestic, and individual, which had upheld it, the Catholic Church gradually rose in her full proportions,

⁷ See his first Lecture on the *History of Civilization in Europe*.

⁸ *History of Civilization*, vol. i. p. 143.

⁹ Balmez, *Europ. Civil.* c. xx.

¹⁰ *Discussions and Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 160.

developing her doctrine and perfecting her constitution, expanding, in the strength of the Divine life which was in her, until she reached the "fulness of the stature" necessary for the place in the world which was appointed for her. The old order, indeed, she was powerless to save. It was the decree of Providence that it was to be blotted out. Utterly rotten and decrepit, it fell to pieces under the repeated blows of barbarian invaders; and Saints and Pontiffs, as they saw the moral and political chaos which supervened, augured that the end of all things was at hand.¹¹ But in truth "some better thing" was reserved for the Church to mould and sanctify than the corrupt and moribund civilization then perishing from off the earth. From its ruins a young and vigorous society was to arise, of which the Christian faith was to be the light and life, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ the oracle and guide. Upon the story of its growth I need not linger. We all know how the spoilers of the empire were in turn subjugated by its religion; how from the Church they received alike Christianity and civilization; and the social and political edifice which we call Christendom was reared by the Popes, the founders of modern Europe.

The establishment of the new order upon the basis of Catholicism may be conveniently dated from the time of Charlemagne. From the day on which Pope Leo the Third set the diadem on the head of the great Frankish monarch, a fresh era in the annals of mankind opens. Modern civilization was then definitively established. We may divide its subsequent history into three periods—from the beginning of the ninth century to the end of the fifteenth, from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, and from the beginning of this century to the present time. The close of the first period is marked by the so-called "Protestant Reformation;" the close of the second, by the French Revolution; the third is still running its course. Each period has its distinguishing and well-marked features, its striking characteristics. I am specially concerned in this paper with the last period; but for the elucidation of my subject it will be necessary for me to refer to the other two; for it is only by comparison that we can bring out clearly the salient points of political, moral, and social systems. The present can be properly understood only by reference to the past out of which it has come. Let me therefore endeavour briefly to characterize the civilization of the

¹¹ "Deo pro nobis melius aliquid providente" (Epist. B. Pauli ad Hebræos, xi. 40).

middle ages, and the civilization of the three centuries which immediately succeeded the Protestant Reformation.

III.

As to the mediæval period, its chief characteristic is indicated by the term by which it is so often denominated: it was emphatically *the age of faith*. In material civilization, those centuries, although constantly advancing, were, of course, rude. It is true that we are directly indebted to them for almost all the inventions by which the progress of physical science has been achieved in more recent times; it is true that their mental activity was immense, that their literature enshrines some of the noblest monuments of philosophical research and of poetic genius, and that "the foundations of the present intellectual greatness of Europe were laid"¹² in them: it is true that in at least two of the arts—architecture and painting—they attained to a height never reached before or since, of which the evidence is with us to this day in "the long series of splendours extending from Cimabue and Cologne to Raphael and the Duomo at Milan."¹³ But it is elsewhere that we must look for their leading idea, their principal note. The fact which marks them off from all other times is the absolute certitude which then prevailed in the minds of men upon the highest subjects—God and duty. As has been well said:¹⁴ "Religion lay over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life element . . . a great high-heaven unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of life." Deep down in every heart was the conviction "that this earthly life and its riches and possessions and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but are a shadow of realities eternal, infinite . . . that man's little life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to heaven and down to hell." This intense, unquestioning belief was the central idea of human existence in those days, the source of its strength and soundness, of its rich, exuberant vitality. It shaped legislation, it animated art, it informed literature, it reigned in social life.¹⁵ The "kingdoms of this world 'had become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.'"

¹² Newman's *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 163.

¹³ Montalembert, *Vie de Sainte Elisabeth*, Int. p. 97.

¹⁴ Carlyle, *Past and Present*, pp. 117, 122.

¹⁵ This is true in a greater or less degree of the whole mediæval period, as I have reckoned it; but especially true of the time between St. Gregory the Seventh and Boniface the Eighth.

The civilization of the middle ages, then, was distinctively Christian; and, as Balmez has pointed out in the passage which I before quoted, Christian civilization is distinguished from the civilizations of antiquity by its possession of the principal truths with respect to the individual, the family, and society. Adopting his division, but not following him in his development of it, I will touch briefly on each of these points.

And first as to the individual. It is in the Christian civilization of the age of faith that we first find the dignity of man, as man, clearly brought out and universally received. In the civilizations of antiquity the individual was of account, not as a man, but as a member of a political corporation. As Sir Henry Sumner Maine has well remarked in his *Ancient Law*,¹⁶ the unit of an archaic society was the family—"groups of men united by the reality or the fiction of blood relationship." The history of Roman jurisprudence is, to a great extent, the history of the crumbling away of the ancient system and the "substitution of the individual for the family, as the unit of which civil laws take account." Christianity found a principle of individuality in the Roman Empire; it found also a principle of individuality among its barbarian destroyers. But the individual, whether of the later Roman jurisprudence or of the Germanic invaders, was not the man, but the citizen or the member of the tribe. Outside these artificial limits were vast multitudes who, as slaves, possessed no personality, and were regarded merely as things. The Church taught the natural equality of all men as created and redeemed by God. She addressed herself primarily, not to bodies politic or to nations, but to each individual of which the body politic or the nation was composed; she told each of the "high calling" in Jesus Christ, confided to his own free will, and the care of which belonged to himself entirely; she proclaimed the supremacy of conscience, and the infinite superiority of the spiritual side of man's nature. She revealed the true personality of man, as the counterpart of the personality of God. Hence that robust and lofty individuality which characterizes the men of the ages of faith.

But great as was the exaltation of man in Christian civilization, the exaltation of woman was far greater, for she was raised from a much lower depth. What woman was in her best estate in the ancient world has been pithily expressed by Dean Merivale.¹⁷ "She was degraded in her social

¹⁶ Pp. 126, 169, 183.

¹⁷ *Conversion of the Northern Nations*, p. 144.

position," he writes, "because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration, again, fell lower and lower, precisely because her social position was so degraded." The main instruments of her degradation, and of the consequent dissolution of the family, had been the corruption of marriage by polygamy and divorce. The Church found monogamy as the rule both in the Empire and among the Germanic tribes; and upon monogamy she impressed the Divine seal of a sacrament and proclaimed its sacred indissolubility, while the higher honour which she bestowed upon religious celibacy, and her lofty and severe teaching as to the virtue of purity, served incidentally as a bulwark to holy matrimony.¹⁸ As at the creation of society woman was given to be "a help like¹⁹ unto man"—*adjutorium simile sibi*—so, at its re-creation by the Church, her spiritual equality with man was again proclaimed, her rightful place was again assigned her, and on her preservation of that place the whole social structure was made to rest.²⁰ I may remark in passing that, as a matter of fact, I know of no historical phenomenon more striking than the pinnacle to which woman was so suddenly exalted in mediæval times. Guizot²¹ considers that the isolation in which the feudal baron lived begat in him a taste for domestic life, which gave rise to that species of religious veneration bestowed by chivalry upon the graces of feminine nature. Others have attempted to trace it to the customs and superstitions of the German tribes.²² Possibly there may be truth in both these hypotheses. But neither of them, I think, furnishes an adequate explanation. The generous ardour which, in the middle ages, carried respect for and devotion to woman so far, and which sometimes found such fantastic and extravagant expression, I would venture to say must mainly be taken to be a natural consequence of the reception of the truths concerning her which the Church announced to a young and vigorous society. And the great development of the *cultus* of the Mother of God, which is observable at this epoch of the world's history, can hardly have failed to contribute much to the exaltation of the sex whose shame she had taken away—*mutans Evæ nomen*. But however that may be, it is

¹⁸ Balmez, *Eur. Civil.* c. xxvi.

¹⁹ "Not like to like, but like in difference" (Tennyson's *Princess*).

²⁰ See the admirable chapter on the "New Creation of Marriage," in vol. i. of Mr. Allie's *Formation of Christendom*.

²¹ See his Fourth Lecture on the History of Civilization in Europe.

²² Menzel, *Geschichte der Deutschen*, bk. i. chaps. xix. xx.

clear that we owe to the truths regarding the relations of the sexes, impressed by the Church on mediæval civilization, all that is most precious in the family and the home.

And next, as to civil society, the work of the Church was similar to that which she had performed for the individual and the family. Her mission was to touch it and to bless it and to consecrate it to the service of God. For its external form she is in no way responsible. The feudal system was not her creation. It is not her office to devise schemes of secular government. All forms of civil polity are alike acceptable to her. Feudality was the natural outgrowth of political circumstances. The Church accepted it as the ordinance of God for those ages of the world, and gave it the Gospel as its law of laws, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ as its supreme judge. And as the truths which she had revealed had new-made the individual man and the family, so did they re-create civil society. Referring secular authority, not to chance nor to human agreement, but to divine appointment, she set herself to define its true sphere and to lay down its right principles of action in that sphere. She first marked the line of separation between the spiritual and temporal order, maintaining the superiority of the former. She taught, as Mr. John Stuart Mill confesses, that "material force has no right, no hold over the mind, over conviction, over truth;"²³ and, as he adds, her assertion of this principle has done much for human freedom;—how much, I may remark, we are as yet only beginning to understand, although it is even now abundantly clear that the liberties of the middle ages—her creation—were far in excess of any which the world had known before or has known since.²⁴

²³ "One beneficial consequence which M. Guizot ascribes to the power of the Church is worthy of especial notice—the separation, unknown to antiquity, between temporal and spiritual authority. He, in common with the best thinkers of our time, attributes to this fact the happiest influence on European civilization. It was the parent, he says, of liberty of conscience. The separation of temporal and spiritual is founded on the idea that material force has no right, no hold, over the mind, over conviction, over truth. Enormous as have been the sins of the Catholic Church in the way of religious intolerance, her assertion of this principle has done more for human freedom than all the fires she ever kindled have done to destroy it" (Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. ii. p. 243).

²⁴ See on this subject Father Parkinson's excellent paper published in the MONTH of February and March, 1876. Every day the truth of Montalembert's remark is being more clearly brought out: that although in the middle ages liberty *did not exist in the state of theory*, or abstract principle, claimed for mankind in the mass, it was a fact and a right for a vast number of men, for a greater number than in the present day; easier to acquire and to preserve for those who knew how to appreciate and to desire it (*Les Moines d'Occident*, Int. p. ccxlix.).

She then went on to warn governments that their authority was but a trust, to be employed for the benefit of the governed,²⁵ in the spiritual order first and then in the temporal; and in the power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ to dissolve the religious obligation of subjects to obedience, she exerted an effectual check on tyranny and oppression. To all the relations of civil society she applied the sanctions of religion, binding men together in true fraternity, by guilds and corporations of every trade and art, while, as the rule of human life, she prescribed that principle of self-sacrifice, that Christian asceticism, of which it is not too much to say, that it is the central idea of Catholicism. It would be a task far beyond my limits to trace in detail how this principle pervaded mediæval civilization. I can only refer to one illustration of it which is presented by the relations of classes. Inequality in social condition, in the possession of power, in the distribution of wealth, was then—as it ever will be—very great. But the balance was redressed by the undoubting belief, that not those who were great or powerful or rich were blessed, but the humble, the weak, the poor. Riches were regarded rather as a perilous trust than as a desirable possession. St. Edmund of Canterbury, in his *Mirror*—one of the most popular religious books of the middle ages—broadly lays it down that the rich can be saved only through the poor; and the well-known saying of St. Francis of Assisi, when bestowing the cloak which had been given him upon a poor man—"I had a right to keep it only until I should find some one more destitute than myself"—is the simple expression of the prevailing sentiment of his age. The mendicant orders, again, forcibly illustrate the living reality of the belief in the evangelical teaching as to the excellence of poverty embraced, or patiently endured, from religious motives. The spectacle of royal personages laying down "the glories of their birth and state" to become beggars, preached the loudest sermon on the text *Beati pauperes*, and supplied the most cogent argument to reconcile the masses to their lowly lot. Then, again, from the religious foundations which were spread throughout Europe, the needy obtained food and shelter rather as a right than as a favour. "The poor who have been the servants of the rich in this world, will be their judges in the

²⁵ "Finis ad quem principaliter rex intendere debet . . . est æterna beatitudo" (S. Thomas de Reg. Prin. p. i. c. xv.). For some excellent remarks on the force of the word "principaliter," see the current number of the *Dublin Review*, p. 368.

next," we read in the *Gesta Romanorum*,²⁶ and the writer draws the practical conclusion, "Let every one who wants to reign with them in the world to come, give alms to them as largely as he can in this world."

I do not know that any proof more likely to come home to people of the present day could be given, of the hold which the religion of Jesus Christ had over the men of the middle ages, than the fact that His teaching about the extreme danger and responsibility attending the possession of what are called "the good things of this world," was really generally believed. But this is only one instance out of many. The deep conviction as to the reality and enormity of sin, as to the infinitely worse character of moral evil than of physical, as to the divine²⁷ government of the universe, and retribution to come beyond the

²⁶ Cap. cxxxi. (Esterley's Edition. The story is so striking and significant that it is perhaps worth while to quote it in its entirety. It is as follows :

"*De divitibus quibus datur et pauperibus quibus id quod habent abstrahitur, quomodo deus eternaliter eos remunerat per celestem patriam.*

"Rex quidam fecit proclamari, quod omnes indifferenter ad eum venirent et quicquid ab eo peterent obtinerent. Nobiles et divites aliqui ducatum, aliqui comitatum, aliqui miliciam, aliqui aurum et argentum pecierunt et obtinuerunt Deinde pauperes et simplices venerunt ad regem etiam petentes. Quibus rex ait: Tarde venistis, ante vos nobiles et principes venerunt et omnia que habui eis dedi. Qui tristes de responsione fuerunt; rex vero pietate motus ait: Carissimi, tantum eis temporalia dedi, sed dominium retinui, quia nullus hoc petivit; ego do vobis hoc, ut sitis domini eorum et iudices. Divites hoc audientes contristati sunt et venerunt ad regem dicentes: Domine, confusi sumus, quod pauperes et servos nostros constituisti iudices et dominos nostros; melius est nos mori, quam sic servitute subjici. Ait rex: Carissimi, non facio vobis injuriam; quicquid a me petivistis vobis dedi intantum, quod nichil michi retinui nisi dominium, quod dedi eis; sed do vobis consilium: quilibet vestrum satis habet ad vivendum, det ergo quilibet vestrum partem de divitiis pauperibus, per quam poterunt honeste vivere, et ego dominium ab eis recipiam, et apud me manebit et sic eritis liberati a servitute magna. Quod et factum est.

"Carissimi rex iste est deus, Dives super omnia; prece proclamans est predicator, qui dicit: Petite et accipietis, querite et invenietis! Divites et mundi potentes cum illum clamorem audierunt, statim cum omni labore castra, civitates aurum et argentum pecierunt et obtinuerunt; sed Christus tantum de mundanis dedit eis, quod nichil retinuit, Math. iv.: Vulpes foveas habent et volucres celi nidos, filius autem hominis non habet ubi caput suum reclinet. Deinde pauperes venerunt et nichil habuit eis dare nisi dominium, et sic eos constituit dominos et iudices divitum juxta illud Matth. v.: Beati pauperes spiritu quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum. Divites hoc videntes deberent multum dolere, quod pauperes, qui servi eorum fuerunt in hoc mundo, debent esse iudices et domini eorum in celo. Si ergo desideratis cum eis regnare, faciatis sicut fecerunt illi! Quilibet det elemosinam quantum potest pauperibus, ut poterunt vivere et sine dubio cum eis poteritis in eternum regnare."

²⁷ "Amidst all their excesses and iniquities, their cruelties and their falsehoods, they still held strictly to the revelation of a future life and a future retribution. . . . Of their intense realization of another life, we, cold and sceptical as we are, have hardly a conception" (Merivale, *Conversion of the Northern Nations*, p. 131).

grave, as to the efficacy of prayer and the merit of penance, might be equally quoted to show the completeness with which the popular mind was imbued with the teaching of the Church. Of the laws of nature the men of those times knew very little; but into the laws of God and the scheme of the world they had, as they thought, a clear insight, and if the Roman poet is right when he tells us,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

their felicity greatly transcended anything he ever dreamt of. They were scantily furnished with physical comforts, or intellectual luxuries. But the impress of moral greatness and lofty thought and individual freedom which is upon their poetry and their art—the truest *indicia* of the character of an age—is found also in their public and private life.²⁸ If then we take civilization, as I have done, to mean eminence in the best characteristics of man and society, advance in the road to perfection, happiness, nobleness, wisdom—surely we have it in a very high degree, in that epoch of modern history upon which I have been dwelling.

IV.

The age of faith closes with the "Protestant Reformation"—an event only explicable by careful investigation of the character and tendencies of the century which preceded it. It is foreign to my purpose to make that investigation, and I gladly turn away from the task. For what Catholic would willingly dwell upon those dreary times, when a Paganism which had been supposed to be dead and buried, returned upon the world, and all that had been distinctively Christian seemed to be vanishing from Christendom. "Never as then," it has been said, with mournful eloquence, by one whose words I gladly use rather than my own, in speaking on this subject:²⁹

Never as then were the rulers of the Church, some in higher degree, some in lower, so near compromising what never can be compromised.

²⁸ This has been well put by Montalembert: "Dans la vie publique, comme dans la vie privée, . . . ce qui éclate surtout, c'est la force et la grandeur d'âme: ce qui abonde, ce sont les grands caractères, les grands individus. C'est là, qu'on le sache bien, la vraie, l'incontestable supériorité du Moyen Âge. C'était un époque féconde en hommes.

"Magna parens virum"

(*Le Moines d'Occident*, Int. cclvi.).

²⁹ Newman's *Occasional Sermons*, p. 202.

Never so near denying in private what they taught in public, and undoing by their lives what they professed with their mouths. Never were they so mixed with vanity, so tempted by pride, so haunted by concupiscence, never breathed they so tainted an atmosphere, or were kissed by such traitorous friends, or were clad in such blood-stained garments.

What wonder if with such causes within, working with the forces which assailed her from without, the empire of the Church was destroyed over one half of Christendom, and impaired over the other half, and the social and political fabric which she had upheld fell into decay?

And "decay," is, I think, the true description of that second era in the history of modern civilization which may be said, roughly, to extend from the Protestant Reformation to the French Revolution. Decay, I mean, in all that constitutes civilization in that higher sense in which I use the word; decay in the best characteristics of Man and Society, in happiness, nobility, wisdom. In that merely material civilization which consists in the knowledge and adaptation of natural laws, it is a period of great advance, for one discovery is, almost necessarily, the parent of another. But throughout it, is clearly traceable the fading away from the popular mind of those truths regarding the individual, the family, and society, which were the life of the civilization of the earlier epoch. And as the elevation of man, by the possession of those truths, was evidenced by the literature and art of that earlier epoch, so in this epoch, literature and art bear witness to his decadence, through the loss of those truths. The only two names of the first rank, which adorn the highest department of European literature in the centuries extending from the Protestant Reformation to the French Revolution, are not of those centuries, though found in them. One must be referred directly, and the other indirectly, to the Age of Faith.³⁰ Shakespeare, as Mr. Carlyle has emphatically pointed out, was the product of mediæval Catholicism. Milton was the chief intellectual representative of a party, which, as I shall presently have to observe, unconsciously represented and successfully maintained, one of the chief principles inculcated by the Church in former times. As to the arts of painting and architecture, it is needless to speak of their deep and ever-increasing degradation in this period.

³⁰ *Lectures on Heroes*, n. iii. So Villemain, in his *Etudes de Littérature*, "Shakespeare is the crowning point of the middle ages."

M. Coindet, certainly an impartial authority, dates the extinction of their splendour at the death of Michael Angelo.³¹

It would require far more time than I have at command, to trace, even in outline, the progress of the decay which affected public, family, and individual life, in the post-Reformation period. The Reformation, as a matter of fact, and apart from all question as to the motives of its authors, was a denial of the supremacy of the spiritual order. And in proportion as this denial has prevailed, civil and religious freedom have fallen into abeyance. This is no rhetorical flourish: but simple historical truth. The rejection of the supremacy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ in England, and the transfer of his pontifical authority to the Crown, were followed by the complete suppression of public liberty in this country, and by the erection in Ireland of, perhaps, the most grinding tyranny the world has ever known. The new religion set up by Henry the Eighth, has ever breathed the spirit of its founder. The only theological doctrine attributable to it³²—the Anglican tenet of the divine right of kings—is perhaps the most monstrous ever engendered by Protestantism in the interests of despotism. The constitutional rights we now enjoy, are mainly due to the successful opposition made to the Established Church by those heroic spirits, who through the dark aberrations and sour fanaticism of Puritan superstition, held fast to the great principle handed down to the nation from

³¹ He died in 1564, at the age of ninety. "Avec lui," Coindet writes, "s'étient le resplendissant éclat que les beaux arts ont jeté sur le monde moderne: le crépuscule qui lui succède rappelle ça et là par quelques traces lumineuses, les brillantes clartés d'un jour qui s'affaiblit de plus en plus" (*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, p. 157).

³² That doctrine has been very fairly stated by Lord Macaulay (*History of England*, vol. i. p. 55) in the following terms, viz.: that the Supreme Being regards hereditary monarchy, as opposed to other forms of government, with peculiar favour: that the rule of succession in order of primogeniture is a divine institution, anterior to the Christian and even to the Mosaic dispensation: that no human power, not even that of the whole legislature, no length of adverse possession, though it extends to ten centuries, can deprive a legitimate prince of his rights: that the authority of such a prince is necessarily always despotic: that the laws by which in England and other countries, the prerogative is limited are to be regarded merely as concessions, which the Sovereign has freely made and may, at his pleasure, resume, and that any treaty which a King may conclude with his people, is merely a declaration of his present intention and not a contract whose performance can be demanded. The Gallican theory of the immediate Divine appointment of Kings, although falling far short of the Anglican teaching, was probably borrowed from it. At all events, that theory is utterly unknown to the great mediæval theologians—who unanimously teach the derivation of civil power from God *through the people*, and its fiduciary and limited character—and serves to show how far the virus of Protestantism extended. The authorities are collected in the fifteenth essay in Hergenröther's *Catholic Church and Christian State*.

Catholic times, that the State could not legislate in the spiritual order.

And as in England, so in the other countries into which the Protestant Reformation entered, an immediate consequence was the destruction of public liberties and the establishment of despotism. It was so, for example, in the Scandinavian peninsula; it was so in Germany, where among many instances, one stands out, pre-eminent as a mixture of fraud and sacrilege, perhaps unsurpassed in history; I mean the spoliation of the Teutonic order, and the establishment on its ruins of a tyranny which was the germ of the militarism now strangling civil and religious freedom in Prussia and her dependencies.

But the results of the Reformation in the political order were not confined to the countries in which Protestantism was formally adopted. The shock which had been given to the authority of religion, as represented in the person of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the overthrow of popular liberties which followed, affected countries in which Catholicism was retained. Thus in France the free institutions of the middle ages, and the authority of the Holy See, disappeared *pari passu*, until in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, we find the State merged in the Sovereign and religion and society blighted by Gallicanism. And it was so throughout Europe:³³ Caesarism gradually triumphed well-nigh everywhere; the authority of the Pope as the exponent of the *jus publicum* of Christendom was ignored, and cruelty and falsehood, disregard of the most elementary rights of the people, and of the most solemn duties of rulers, were barely masked under a pompous hypocrisy. "The eighteenth century," it has been remarked, "was a period of the deepest servitude and ignominy for the Catholic Church." It was equally a period of servitude and ignominy for the people in almost every nation of Continental Europe.³⁴ Such was the decay in the political order. And if we turn to family and to individual life, we find there too an ever increasing corruption. The old frame-work of society remained, but in proportion³⁵

³³ It is observable that the tyrannous and unconstitutional proceedings of our James the Second were strongly censured by the Sovereign Pontiff, a fact which Lord Macaulay has noticed, adding, indeed, his own explanation of it (*Vide his History of England*, vol. i. p. 563; vol. ii. p. 82).

³⁴ Hergenröther, *Catholic Church and Christian State*, vol. ii. p. 415.

³⁵ "The usurpations of the Reason may be dated from the Reformation. . . . The legitimate authority of the ecclesiastical power was more or less overthrown; and in some places its ultimate basis, the moral sense. One school of men resisted the Church, another went farther, and rejected the supreme authority of the law of conscience" (Newman, *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 69).

as scepticism prevailed and faith was eliminated, the truths which had been its life lost their power. It is matter of notoriety how in the countries into which the Reformation fully entered, the powerful solvent which it introduced, loosened every obligation of religion and morality. But the evil extended far beyond the nations which became avowedly Protestant. The moral and intellectual atmosphere was surcharged with the principles of free thought, and even when the institutions and practices of the Catholic faith were still externally honoured, their influence on the minds and lives of men constantly declined. To follow the course of that decline in detail would be impossible in my present limits. But two examples, one taken from the sixteenth century and the other from the eighteenth, may serve to illustrate what I am saying. I shall take those examples from France—the country which was then as it is now, the representative and source of the ideas dominant in Europe.³⁶

And turning to the sixteenth century, I do not know that I can find a fairer or more respectable representative of its spirit than Montaigne. Mr. Hallam tells us that the essays of Montaigne³⁷ “make an epoch in literature, less on account of their real importance, or the moral truths they contain, than of their influence upon the taste and opinions of Europe.” No doubt their influence upon the taste and opinions of Europe was considerable, but it seems to me that the vast popularity they so soon obtained, renders them particularly valuable as an index of the actual condition of the European mind. Montaigne, then, does not repudiate Catholicism. On the contrary, he steadily professes it, and, in a halting perfunctory manner, practises its external obligations: he goes to Mass, and to confession, and eventually dies with the last Sacraments about him. But his religion has small hold over his thoughts or actions. It is apparently little more than conventional. His licentiousness is gross. There is hardly a page of his writings that is not stained by deliberate filthiness and obscenity. He felt indeed “the attractions of truth, but he felt none of its obligations.”³⁸ “The idea of duty was his bugbear and scare-

³⁶ M. Guizot has remarked somewhere with perfect truth, that an idea must become French before it can become European.

³⁷ *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 123.

³⁸ Church, *Essay on Montaigne in Oxford, Essays for 1857*, p. 276. With the estimate of Montaigne which Mr. Church expresses in this able and interesting pages, I, on the whole, agree.

crow." He condemns the Reformation in strong terms, and doubtless in the best of faith. Yet the scepticism of which it was the outward expression had deeply infected him, although he does not logically follow it out, nor consciously introduce it into the sphere to which he relegates religion.³⁹ "His views of life and death are absolutely unaffected by his professing the Gospel." His virtues—courage, kindness, geniality, steadfastness, are wholly of the natural order. He is the forerunner of the *philosophes*, whose philosophy may be found in his essays in germ. As Mr. Hallam has truly said, "He prepared the road for closer reasoners than himself."⁴⁰

Those closer reasoners gradually came forward, and at the end of the succeeding century Mr. Hallam notes⁴¹ "an increasing boldness in religious inquiry," "more disregard of authority, more disposition to question received tenets, a more suspicious criticism;" as a consequence of which, "a disbelief in Christianity became very frequent about that time." Here we have a considerable advance upon the passive irreligion of Montaigne. But it was reserved for the next century to bring that unbelief to its climax and logical conclusion. Of the tendencies of that century, religious, moral, and intellectual, one man stands out as pre-eminently the representative—Voltaire.

Voltaire, like Montaigne, is of account to me just now, rather as a representative than as a teacher of his age. I do not indeed wish to underrate the influence exercised by him both over the popular mind of his own time and over the course of what is called "modern thought," since. Chateaubriand⁴² has said that his great achievement was to make unbelief the fashion: the result of his perfect mastery and unscrupulous employment of all the engines of literary warfare "from the pamphlet to the folio, from the epigram to the sophism," was to establish the anti-Christian tradition which has prevailed ever since. But on turning over the ninety odd volumes of his works, it is impossible, I think, not to be disappointed at the extreme shallowness of his ideas. He is clear

³⁹ *Port-Royal*, l. iii. c. 2.

⁴⁰ *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 128.

⁴¹ *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. iv. pp. 39, 40.

⁴² Quoted in Sainte Beuve, *Chateaubriand et son groupe Littéraire*, vol. i. p. 277. "Il eut l'art funeste, chez un peuple capricieux et aimable, de rendre l'incrédulité à la mode. Il enrôla tous les amours propres dans cette ligne insensée, la religion fut attaquée avec toutes les armes depuis le pamphlet jusqu'à l'in-folio, depuis l'épigramme jusqu'au sophisme."

and logical to an extraordinary degree, but without originality or depth. He does but apply consistently the sceptical principles of the Reformers, and the result is that he proves, as it appears to me, conclusively, that what they retained of Christianity has no better claim on our belief than what they rejected. Human thought has travelled far since then, and the controversy between faith and unfaith has passed into other regions.

But it is, as I said, as a type of his age that Voltaire is chiefly of interest to us. It was an age—I speak especially of the dominant classes in France, from whom it took its colour and its tone⁴³—brilliant, polished, and luxurious to a very high degree, but wholly dissolute, grossly sensual, and utterly disbelieving either in God or human virtue,⁴⁴ while in words professing to reverence both. The extinction of public liberties and the manacling of religion had resulted in the deep degradation of individual life,⁴⁵ in which the absence of the old sentiments of religion and virtue was supplied by a fantastic notion of honour: while the prevailing disregard of the domestic sanctities—a disregard by which, in the words of one of our old dramatists—

Marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,

was rendered but—

A garment
To leprosy and foulness,

struck at the very basis of society. Of this age, Voltaire is a specimen in his life and opinions, and from what I know of the men of his epoch, not I should think, an unfavourable specimen.

⁴³ "La civilisation était arrivée à une extrême douceur: la vie humaine avait acquis tout son luxe et tout son raffinement. Le luxe de l'esprit était en première ligne et la bonne Société le prisait avant tout" (Sainte Beuve, *Chateaubriand et son groupe Littéraire*, vol. i. p. 47).

⁴⁴ "It was as necessary to the character of any accomplished gentleman that he should despise the religion of his country, as that he should know his letters. . . . The reverence of the people was everywhere departing from the Church" (*Macaulay's Works*, vol. vi. p. 482).

⁴⁵ So Paine, a shrewd observer, when his prejudices did not stand in the way, observes—"The despotism of Louis the Fourteenth, united with the gaiety of his Court, and the gaudy ostentation of his character, had so humbled, and at the same time so fascinated the mind of France, that the people appeared to have *lost all sense of their own dignity* in contemplating that of their grand monarch: and the whole reign of Louis the Fifteenth, remarkable only for weakness and effeminacy, made no other alteration than that of spreading a sort of *lethargy over the nation*, from which it showed no disposition to rise" (*Rights of Man*, p. 90).

The gratification of the senses and the intellect was proposed as the supreme good, and he pursued it consistently and successfully, throughout his long career, taking the world as he found it, and swimming with the stream.⁴⁶ Christianity he regards as an old world superstition, incompatible with the enjoyment of life, fallen into decay, happily, and of use chiefly to serve as a butt for the shafts of philosophic ridicule. A moral code of any kind he can hardly be said to possess: a certain quantity of vague sentiment does duty for it. In the words, "Liberty and Property,"⁴⁷ he has aptly summed up his philosophy of life:—to get as much enjoyment as possible out of human existence, to which end property was the means, and to put aside all restraints that interfere with the pursuit of this end, for, at the bottom, this is what his liberty amounts to.

Two points, however, are noticeable. The first is that utterly un-Christian as Voltaire personally was, utterly subversive of all religion and morality, as was the tendency of his writings, he thought it worth while to show an external respect to religion. His domain at Ferney was adorned by a church which bore the inscription—"Deo erexit Voltaire." It is true the inscription was false, for Voltaire did not build the church, but only the façade; but it is worthy of remark as an indication of the homage which such a man, in such an age, thought it worth while to pay to religion. The story is well known of the profligate French noble of the epoch who in appointing a chaplain remarked, "By the way, it is as well to mention that I never hear Mass;" to which the abbé replied, "That is fortunate, as I never say it." The story is an apt commentary on Voltaire's church.

The second remark which I have to make about Voltaire is, that although idolized by the fierce democracy of the last decade of the eighteenth century, he was as far as possible from being a democrat, or from consciously preparing the way for the great explosion of democracy which was imminent. Popularity, indeed, he gloried in, but as to the populace,⁴⁸ his

⁴⁶ Barante remarks in his *Littérature Française au xvii. siècle*: "The desire of succeeding and pleasing guided Voltaire every moment of his life."

⁴⁷ See an amusing account of an interview between an English traveller and Voltaire, when close upon his end, in Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, bk. xxi. c. 5.

⁴⁸ Paine remarks—It was "not from the purity of his principles or his love of mankind . . . but from his strong capacity of seeing folly in its true light, and his irresistible propensity to expose it, that he made these attacks" (*Rights of Man*, p. 90).

tone was Horatian—"Odi profanum vulgus." The precursor of the Revolution and its canonized hero, he seems never to have had a notion of its approach. The putrescence of the state of society in which he lived was congenial to him and supplied him with his occupation. It was his native element, and it appears never to have occurred to him that it was not the natural and permanent condition of things, or that the decaying body politic upon which he preyed must soon fall to pieces altogether. Here, too, he is an apt type of his age.

v.

The French Revolution is an event so great in European history, and has so vastly influenced the state of things in which we live, that I must in passing remark upon the utter inadequacy of many of the explanations of it still current in the world. The feebleness and incapacity of the French monarch—the personally blameless representative of an evil race, whose accumulated impieties and tyrannies were visited on his head, the corruption of the noblesse, the degradation of the clergy, the infamous oppression of the toiling masses, overtaxed, beggared, unpitied⁴⁹—were doubtless among its proximate causes. But they were proximate causes only. Burke, writing in 1790, observes—

It looks to me as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe. All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is perhaps the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world.⁵⁰

And one of the greatest thinkers of our own day, surveying this vast phenomenon after the lapse of nearly half a century, holds similar language—

It must be the shallowest view of the French Revolution [Mr. John Stuart Mill has told us] which can now consider it as anything but a mere incident in man himself, in his beliefs, in his principles of conduct, and, therefore, in the outward arrangements of society—a change so far from being completed that it is not clear, even to the more advanced spirits, to what goal it is tending.⁵¹

⁴⁹ It appears to be certain that in most European countries the state of things was at least as bad as in France.

⁵⁰ *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, p. 301.

⁵¹ *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i. p. 57.

This much, however, would seem to be clear, that disastrous as was the course which the French Revolution assumed, foul as were the hands into whose guidance it almost immediately passed, it was, in some sense, a protest on behalf of forgotten truths. And to this fact it no doubt in great measure owed its success, grossly as it distorted those truths. Take its leading watchwords—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—and what are they but the perversion of great verities upon which the age of faith lived, and which the succeeding epoch ignored? It is a sad and humiliating thought for Catholics that, in that great uprising against the Church, the weapons used most effectively against her were stolen from her own armoury, where they had been hanging for generations uncared for and unused.⁵²

The French Revolution marks the commencement of the epoch of the world into which we have been born. As I said at the beginning, the popular notion concerning this epoch is that it is an age of progress—that is, by common consent, its leading characteristic; and in proceeding to endeavour to form an estimate of it with reference to the conception of civilization which I have adopted, it will be well in the first instance to consider wherein that progress lies. And I suppose the first thing which strikes the careful observer, as marking an incontestable superiority of this age over all the preceding, is the advance of physical science and the perfection to which the mechanical arts have been brought. Discovery and invention, it must be confessed, have been carried very far indeed. I do not think I need enlarge on this point. It is too trite. And I do not think I am wrong in placing it first among the items of our progress, for the author of *Supernatural Religion*, who certainly may claim to be an exponent of "modern thought," seems to identify this particular kind of progress with the only conception of civilization he will allow of. Civilization, he tells us, in the passage I previously quoted, "is *nothing else* but the knowledge and observance of natural laws."

Another note of the progress of this age, which I find dwelt upon with great complacency, is the accumulation of wealth.

⁵² "Les théories humanitaires du siècle dernier, n'ont fait jaillir q'une portion de ce qui était latent dans le christianisme; les philosophes . . . n'ont jamais promulgué, en fait de vérités, que des idées puisées à la source du christianisme, et empreintes de son esprit. Comment la société Chrétienne s'est elle laissée devancer ainsi par ceux qui en même temps enfonçaient le poignard dans le sein qui les avait nourris?" (Madame Swetchine, *Sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 227).

The *Times* newspaper, and kindred organs of public opinion, discourse from time to time, in tones of almost awe-stricken solemnity, upon the fact that never before were there so many very rich men; nay more, that never was the number of the comfortably-off so great. And further, it is insisted that the blessings of wealth are diffused even beyond these limits, and that the general level of physical comfort is much higher than it was a century ago.

A third note of our progress, which is also fervently celebrated, is what is called our intellectual advance. And this intellectual advance is said to be manifested in two ways. First by the wide diffusion of education—by which is meant the general possession by the masses of the people of a modicum of elementary knowledge; and secondly, by the ever increasing emancipation of the human mind from every restraint of *authority*, whether in morals, politics, or religion. Hence the “liberty of the press,” so justly reckoned a peculiar feature of these days, in the surpassing excellence of which all men are called upon to believe under pain, as it were, of reprobation.

One more sign of our progress, which I should not omit to notice, consists in that greater softness of manners upon which we pride ourselves. Human life is more respected now than formerly, at least in the individual; punishments are less severe. Again, our habits are more refined. Ears polite are not shocked by plainness of speech on disagreeable subjects. And further, philanthropy is everywhere at work, building hospitals, improving the dwellings of the poor, reforming the vicious, and generally assuaging the ills of life.

Such, I think, are the more salient features of that modern “progress” so constantly dwelt upon by the organs of public opinion. And no doubt it is true that the present age of the world is distinguished in these respects from the preceding. In physical science, in wealth, in the general diffusion of knowledge, in freedom of opinion and its expression, and in softness of manners, there undoubtedly is a considerable advance in these days. It must however be remembered that there is a set off to be made against each of these items. Thus the advance of physical science, and its adaptation to human wants, have called into existence manufactories, and manufactories have created the manufacturing classes, and the lives of the men and women who constitute those classes—lives of

monotonous toil, without childhood and without old age—can hardly be matter of congratulation, however imposing the results of their labours may be. Next, as to the increase of wealth, it must not be forgotten that, if the rich were never so rich as at present, the poor were never so poor. Never was pauperism so squalid, so abject, and numerically so strong. The comforts of the comfortable classes are purchased by the degradation of the many. And here I may remark that, giving philanthropists all credit for the excellence of their intentions, it may be doubted whether their efforts to increase the physical well-being of the toiling masses really do much to diminish the sum of human misery. One effect of a great development of wealth is to create artificial wants, and it seems to be at least questionable whether, in the majority of cases, the exertions of mere benevolence do not result in the deepening of the consciousness of those wants. Again, the softness of manners, the “exaggerated sanctity set upon human life,”⁵³ the shrinking from the infliction of pain and from the sterner realities and coarser side of existence, the “humanity” and “refinement” of the age, do not appear to its deepest thinkers to be matter for unqualified satisfaction. Indeed, Mr. John Stuart Mill finds here an evidence of “moral effeminacy.”⁵⁴ “Pain,” he further observes, “did not appear,” to the men of former times, “to be so great an evil as it appears, and as it really is, to us.”

Once more. As to the diffusion of knowledge, the general level in this respect is doubtless higher than in any previous age; but the dangerousness of a little learning is proverbial, and it may well be doubted whether the number of really well-educated men in these days is considerable. We have been told recently, on high authority, that seventy per cent. of the pass men at Oxford are utterly uneducated: and looking back on my own University experience, I am only surprised that the percentage was not put higher. It is indeed an age of great literary activity, emphatically a reading age, and to quote again Mr. Mill, “precisely because it is a reading age, any book which is the result of profound meditation is perhaps less likely to be duly and profitably read than at any former

⁵³ *Quarterly Review*, vol. 131, p. 544. The reviewer writes—“The almost exaggerated sanctity.” I take leave to omit the qualifying adverb. It is quite an exaggeration which makes human life the most sacred of man’s endowments.

⁵⁴ *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i. p. 179.

period."⁵⁵ Every one reads; but the vast majority of people apply this accomplishment only to the perusal of newspapers and novels; and it is difficult to say which of these classes of publications exercises the more deleterious influence. The one sets forth superficial and distorted accounts of current history, illustrated by crude theories and extemporized philosophy; the other presents unreal views of life, and stimulates passions which, ordinarily, are active enough without artificial irritants.⁵⁶ Again, against the blessings of the general diffusion of knowledge, must be set down the intense conceit which it produces in those who have obtained the scantiest share of it. While a Newton likens himself to a child picking up shells on the shore of the great ocean of truth, the average Englishman of this century—I do not know that I need restrict the remark to our own country—claims to judge of all things in heaven and earth by the "floating opinions which have been drifted into his mind."⁵⁷ And the judgments thus formed, summed up, and put into intelligible shape by the press which had so large a share in producing them, constitute that "public opinion" which is, as Tocqueville says, a "species of religion" in these days, "having the majority for its ministering prophets,"⁵⁸ and whose hand is so heavy upon individuality, upon every digression from the beaten track. With these qualifications—and they are large ones—it must be admitted that the age is one of progress in the points I have enumerated; in physical science, in wealth, in the general diffusion of knowledge, in freedom of opinion and its expression, in softness of manners. These things society has gained. What has it lost?

It has lost the idea that there is anything higher than these things upon which it prides itself. It confines itself entirely to the present scene; it ignores the conscience of man, and declines to recognize the spiritual side of his nature. It has eliminated Christianity, and has substituted for it what is termed, often with very little justice, economic science. According to the teaching of the evangelists of its new gospel, "the basis of all social and intellectual development is wealth": "the whole edifice of the civilization" which exists in these days

⁵⁵ *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i. p. 185. So Madame Swetchine: "On lit tout à présent—hors les livres" (*Vie et Œuvres*, vol. ii. p. 134).

⁵⁶ I do not for one moment wish to deny that both novels and newspapers have their legitimate use. I am speaking here of their abuse.

⁵⁷ Newman, *Occasional Sermons*, p. 151.

⁵⁸ *Démocratie en Amérique*, p. 2, l. i. c. ii.

"rests upon an enlightened selfishness."⁵⁹ The principal opinions which characterize it have been enumerated by Dr. Newman in his *Grammar of Assent*. They are as follows—

That "moral and physical evil" are "nothing more than imperfections of a parallel nature;" that "the difference in gravity between the two is one of degree only, not of kind; that moral evil is merely the offspring of physical, and that as we remove the latter, so we inevitably remove the former; that there is a progress of the human race which tends to the annihilation of moral evil; that knowledge is virtue, and vice is ignorance; that sin is a bugbear, not a reality; that the Creator does not punish except in the sense of correcting; that vengeance in Him would of necessity be vindictiveness; that all that we know of Him, be it much or little, is through the laws of nature; that miracles are impossible; that prayer to Him is superstitious; that the fear of Him is unmanly; that sorrow for sin is slavish and abject; that the only intelligent worship of Him is to act well our part in the world, and the only sensible repentance to do better in future; that if we do our duties in this life, we may take our chance for the next, and that it is of no use perplexing our minds about the future state, for it is all a matter of guess" (p. 411).

I do not suppose that any exception can be taken to the correctness of this account of the opinions which characterize the age. And if this be so, I think all men must concede that Pius the Ninth does but state a simple fact when he notes as an error the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff can and should reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization."⁶⁰ Doubtless this fact is more or less veiled from superficial observers by the thousand traditional associations which have come down into these days from earlier centuries, and which serve to hide the vast breach between past and present. But, to careful students, the real character of our civilization has long been revealed. "The day will come," wrote Lichtenberg, in the early part of this century, "when the belief in God will become like the belief in nursery spectres."⁶¹ And so Richter: "Of the world will be made a world machine, of God a Force, and of the second

⁵⁹ Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 398.

⁶⁰ Syllabus, lxxx. The *Pall Mall Gazette* (October 12, 1869) goes further, and declares that "it is impossible to reconcile any form of Christian theology with what we call civilization and progress."

⁶¹ Quoted in Carlyle's *Mis. Essays*, vol. ii. p. 97. So Dr. Draper in his *Intellectual Development of Europe*, "Supernaturalism, both in the individual and in society, appertains to a definite period of life. It is shaken off as men and nations approach maturity" (vol. ii. p. 115).

world a coffin." It is impossible to take up any volume in which what is called "modern thought" is expressed, without meeting evidence of the truth of these prognostications. The philosopher of the day deals exclusively with phenomena, and regards as unknowable everything not ascertainable by the senses. Mr. Lecky justly remarks: "The tendency towards materialism is too manifest to escape the attentive observer."⁶² Or to adapt certain words of Mr. Allies: "The motion of a physical whole, without sympathy or succour for its parts, has succeeded to the notion of a Father and his children."⁶³

VI.

The difference then between the civilization of this age and the Christian civilization of the mediæval period is radical. Their essential ideas are diametrically opposed. The one was based on self-sacrifice; the other rests upon selfishness. In the one the unseen world counted for everything; in the other it counts for nothing. The one derived its motives and its principles from the Gospel of Jesus Christ; the other derives them from the teachings of political economy. The place which is filled in the one by "God and man's duties," is occupied in the other by "man and man's rights." That is the difference, I think, between this age of the world and the first period of modern civilization. The difference between it and the second is, that in these days the new principles are openly avowed, whereas in those, though constantly gathering strength, they had not obtained public recognition, nor openly displaced the old, which were still ostensibly professed among men, down to the date of the French Revolution. The first period we may call Christian; the second un-Christian; the present anti-Christian. The great truths regarding the individual, the family, and society, which informed the first period, and which fell into neglect in the second, are now formally denied. In their place are substituted certain doctrines proclaimed to the world by the French Revolution in various ways, and notably in its once famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man," and since gradually adopted throughout Europe as the first principles of modern thought. Let us see what the practical result of this change is.

And first as to civil society. The general adoption of the

⁶² *History of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 407.

⁶³ *Formation of Christendom*, vol. i. p. 122.

principle "that the best constitution of the commonwealth, and civil progress, require human society to be constituted and governed without regard to religion,"⁶⁴ has resulted in political atheism. Politics are regarded as quite independent of the Christian law, and the practical consequences have been numerous and grave. I can here touch only on two—viz., the unsettlement of the basis of Government, and the contraction of its sphere. According to Catholic teaching, civil Government rests upon a divine ordinance, and obedience to constituted authority is a religious duty. The civilization of the age regards authority as "nothing else than numerical power and material force,"⁶⁵ obedience to it as merely a matter of convenience, and resistance to it as allowable—if successful. The old world conception of the State was, that it was "an ordinance of God for the maintenance of peace and justice; a figure of the moral government of the universe in this lower world; the 'majesty and power of rulers' were based upon their being 'God's representatives,' and their 'calling' was described as being 'to do all in their power for the increase of God's kingdom and the training of man for his supernatural destiny.'"⁶⁶ In these days Lord Macaulay⁶⁷ teaches, with general applause, that the sole function of Government is the purely material one of protecting persons and property. Or as another writer has expressed it: "Men are now to be guided by their self-interests. Good government is a good balancing of these, and, except a keen eye and appetite for self-interest, requires no virtue in any quarter. To both parties it is emphatically a machine; to the discontented a taxing machine, to the contented a machine for securing property. Its duties and its faults are not those of a father, but of an active parish constable."⁶⁸ The business of the civil magistrate is no longer held to be the "punishment of wickedness and vice," or, "the maintenance of true religion and virtue."⁶⁹ Vice and virtue, religion and wickedness, are considered to be altogether outside his sphere. The greatest happiness—that is, the greatest temporal well-being—of the greatest number, is the only object recog-

⁶⁴ *Enc. Quanta cura.*

⁶⁵ *Syllabus*, lviii. lx. lxiii.

⁶⁶ Hergenröther's *Catholic Church and Christian State*. vol. ii. p. 190 (English translation).

⁶⁷ *Essay on Gladstone's Church and State.*

⁶⁸ Carlyle, *Mis. Essays*, vol. ii. p. 105.

⁶⁹ Prayer for the "Church Militant" in the Anglican Communion Office.

nized as permissible to the legislator. The aims of the statesman are purely material. Expediency is his test of right and wrong. The religious element is systematically eliminated from all parts of the public administration, from the throne down to the village school. God is put aside by Governments. But to put God aside is to deny Him. In His place we find Capital more or less openly installed as the centre to which public action is to be referred.

And here I should observe that neither has the change in the basis of Governments been favourable to their stability, nor has the contraction of their sphere tended to the advancement of liberty. The contemporary history of countries where the new ideas have had free course—unchecked by the restraining causes which happily have operated in this nation—supplies only too abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion. Revolution succeeds revolution on the Continent, but the effect of each change is an increased centralization of authority. In proportion as the materialistic conception of the state has prevailed, as a mere machine for protecting person and property, local liberties have disappeared, as incompatible with its even working.⁷⁰ The franchises, provincial, municipal, and corporate, which in the middle ages were the guarantees of personal independence and public life, have been swallowed up in modern "constitutions." Hence it has resulted, throughout Europe, that the great class of liberties, associated in England with the words "local administration," has no existence. The State is autocratic: it is ubiquitous, and, uncontrolled by the spiritual order, its hand is heavy upon the individual in every department of life. I have said that this is the case in proportion as the new mechanical conception of the State prevails. It is so in the highest degree in Prussia, where that conception has been carried furthest and most consistently acted upon. England is, perhaps, the only European country where the individual independence, which is the precious fruit of real public liberties, exists. And this personal independence is directly traceable to the preservation of the free institutions of the Catholic period of our history and their gradual adap-

⁷⁰ Montalembert remarks happily on the "heureuse multiplicité" in the middle ages: "de ces états restreints, de ces souverainetés indépendantes, de ces républiques provinciales et municipales, qui ont toujours été le boulevard de la dignité de l'homme, le théâtre de sa plus salutaire activité: où le citoyen courageux et capable, trouve plus de chances for sa légitime ambition où il est toujours bien moins effacé, moins courbe sous le niveau que dans les grands états" (*Moines d'Occident*, Int. ccxlix.).

tation to the wants of the times. With us, as a living poet has well said—

Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

And the good sense of the nation has hitherto opposed a decided "nolumus" to the doctrinaires who have endeavoured to persuade it to exchange its ancient liberties for modern liberalism. How long, indeed, the old tradition will survive among us the influence of the new principles of the age, is a grave question. The Revolution has never fully entered into England; but there is only too much evidence of the rapidly increasing growth of its anti-Christian and materialistic spirit among us. An external form of national Christianity—though a corrupt and mutilated Christianity—still lingers in this country; but there is an ever-growing feeling that it is an anachronism, and that its days are numbered. Those "polite bows to God in the newspapers" which Emerson noted, some years ago, as "an English trait," are becoming less frequent, and a conviction seems generally to prevail, and is everywhere more or less openly expressed, that commercial prosperity and material greatness are the only true sources of national well-being.⁷¹

But I pass on to the domain of the family, and the influence of "modern thought" there. We have seen that the work of the Catholic Church with regard to the basis of the family—marriage—was to impress upon monogamy a sacramental seal and to proclaim its sacred indissolubility. This is what marriage was in the Christian civilization of the old world—sacred and indissoluble. The civilization of this age denies its religious character and more than threatens its continuity. It regards it, not as a Divine mystery, but as a merely human contract, to be entered into, not under the sanction of religion, but of the State. Its dissolubility or indissolubility it treats purely as a question of expediency—not of the Divine law. But further: not only the Christian conception of marriage, but the whole of the teaching with which the Church has guarded the position given to woman in Christian civilization is irreconcilable with the positions of modern thought.⁷² The decline of respect for

⁷¹ Never did people believe anything more firmly, than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe, that our greatness and welfare are proved by being so very rich (Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 17).

⁷² On the monstrous consequences which follow from the application of the principles of utilitarianism to the sphere of sexual morality, see Mr. Lecky, *Hist. of Eur. Morals*, vol. i. p. 43.

woman, the decline of self-respect in woman, are themes which are, unhappily, only too common.

The Christian idea of purity [observes Mr. Church⁷³] has still a hold on our society; imperfectly enough. Can we ask a more anxious question than whether this hold will continue? No one can help seeing I think, many ugly symptoms: the language of revolt is hardly muttered. The ideas of purity which we have inherited, and thought sacred, are boldly made the note and reproach of the "Christians."

And one of the first of living historians has told us:⁷⁴

If a man denies Christianity he will straightway deny the spiritual claims of a woman. . . . So threaten all modern unbelief and scepticism. To the woman the denial of the Gospel would be at once a fall from the consideration she now holds among us. . . . She would descend again to be the mere plaything of man, the transient companion of his leisure hour, to be held loosely as the chance gift of a capricious fortune.

I need not enlarge upon this topic. Let me turn to the effect upon the individual of an age of unfaith, of a civilization which ignores the supernatural, and makes this world the end of man.

And I suppose if we look at those *indicia* of the character of the age which are supplied by its poetry and art, they consistently proclaim that—

Glory and loveliness have passed away.

Everywhere they tell the same tale of its barrenness in nobleness and dignity. I apprehend no one would maintain that the many acres of canvass, which have hung on the walls of exhibitions of modern paintings, from the opening of the century down to the present time, display as much of those Divine gifts as the smallest work that has come down to us from Francia or Perugino. As to architecture, I do not know that this age of the world can be said to possess any style of its own, save that which is exemplified in the domestic edifices which line our streets—works whose monotonous meanness only too well symbolizes the "illiberal dismal lives" (to use Mr. Arnold's phrase) of their inhabitants. All its more ambitious attempts are imitations, more or less successful, of the buildings of former periods. And if we turn to the poetry of the age, that which is highest in it, is not an exponent of, so much as a passionate protest against, the existing civilization: a longing, however blind

⁷³ *Sermons on Civilization*, p. 131.

⁷⁴ Merivale, *Conversion of the Northern Nations*, p. 153.

and perverted, after something higher and better; or an embodiment in fictitious forms of truth⁷⁵ and beauty, of which common life has lost the idea. I do not think I err in saying that this is the feeling left on one's mind by the perusal of the best and most serious verses of the most highly gifted poets of the age: of Goethe, of Byron, of Shelley, of Alfred de Musset, of Tennyson. Certainly it is the impression left on my own mind. These gifted souls are in no sense the exponents of the prevailing utilitarianism. Indeed, I do not think a utilitarian poet possible.

But, however that may be, there is a general consensus that the contraction of man's sphere by the predominant materialism and the exclusion of the supernatural, has resulted in the dwindling of man himself. This is not the language of some Catholic divine. It is the testimony of those who have most fully caught the spirit of the times, and are most highly honoured as its acknowledged literary chiefs. Mr. Mill finds that the age is not favourable to the production of great men. He laments over⁷⁶ "the decay of individual energy and the weakening of the influence of superior minds over the multitude." Mr. Lecky pronounces the age⁷⁷ "mercenary, venal, unheroic;" it "exhibits," he tells us, "a decline in the spirit of self-sacrifice, in the appreciation of the more poetical or religious aspect of man's nature." Mr. Carlyle finds that we have lost even the true conception of human greatness, that⁷⁸ "the great men of this age are lucky or unlucky gamblers, swollen big." The greatest of modern French poets tells us,⁷⁹ in words of terrible earnestness, that the nobler side of man's nature dies in the air of this century.⁸⁰ In all conditions of life it is the same. The conception of man as a mere wealth-producing animal is probably the lowest which it is possible to entertain of him, and he has sunk to its level. "One would say," writes Tocqueville,⁸¹ "on looking through the records of our time,

⁷⁵ Schiller somewhere remarks: Man has lost his dignity, but art has perserved it: *truth still survives in fiction.*

⁷⁶ *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. i.

⁷⁷ *History of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 405.

⁷⁸ *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, p. 226.

⁷⁹ "Le plus vrai poete de notre siècle et le plus malheureux par sa propre faute" (Montalembert, *Moines L'Occident*. Int. lxxxvii.)

⁸⁰ Vous vouliez faire un monde.—Eh bien, vous l'avez fait ;
 Votre monde est superbe, et votre homme est parfait !
 Les monts sont nivelés, la plaine est éclaircie ;
 Vous avez sagement taillé l'arbre de vie
 Tout est bien belayé sur vos chemins de fer

Tout est grand, tout est beau, *mais on meurt dans votre air* (ROLLA).

⁸¹ *Democratie in Amérique*, t. iii. p. 173.

that man is unable to effect anything, either on himself, or on those around him." With the conviction of his dignity, which came from the deep recognition of the truths of faith regarding him, have disappeared his moral greatness, his power of self-control, and that "true liberty, which always with right reason dwells." If we are "mere cunning casts in clay," mere "magnetic mockeries," what adequate motive is there—

To spurn man's common lure—life's pleasant things?

I do not think there is any adequate motive. And, in matter of fact, as the idea of God and the sense of the true equality of men in His sight and of their real brotherhood in His family, have faded away, the idea of duty divinely appointed to every state of life has been lost, and an Epicurean temper has spread among the better classes—their chief concern to live softly, their chief virtue good nature—while the condition of the masses, on the other hand, is hopeless and abject, and is ever becoming more so. "There is a dumb sadness about the London workman's pale face," remarks a recent journalist,⁸⁸ "that tells a pitiful tale. It is as though he said, to-day we work and to-morrow we die, and that is all he seems to realize." Alas! he realizes too truly the lessons of a civilization from which faith is banished.

Such are some of the results of the rejection by the existing civilization of the great truths by which the Church once sanctified human life in its various relations. It can hardly be said, reverting to that conception of civilization which we have had before us, that improvement, eminence in the best characteristics of man and of society, advance in the road to perfection, happiness, nobility, wisdom, are the proper words to characterize those results. Indeed it is a question of the gravest importance, how far it is possible for the existing framework of civil society to hold together without the principle of cohesion supplied by the truths which it has cast away. The masses are daily increasing in intelligence. And as they increase in intelligence, so do they become less tolerant of the existing division of wealth, and more sceptical as to the "rights of property." They are daily becoming better organized: they are daily acquiring a greater share of political power in every European country. And I think there is every indication that their discontent with the existing condition of things is likely to find active expression.

⁸⁸ In the *World* of April 19th, 1876.

And I must take leave to say that their discontent appears to me to be natural enough. Capital is in the hands of a few. The many are condemned, and must be condemned, to lives of unceasing monotonous toil. Their relations with their employers are strictly regulated by money payments, which represent but an insignificant portion of the results of their toil. Money, and the things which money purchases, they see universally recognized as the *summum bonum*. What is to reconcile them to their lot? Why should they not make a desperate effort for its amelioration?

One thing and one thing only could reconcile them to their lot—faith in the teachings of the Catholic Church.⁸³ "The sacrifice of enjoyments and the endurance of sufferings become rational only when some compensating advantage can be expected." The religion of Jesus Christ alone holds out to them that compensating advantage. Victor Hugo has well said :⁸⁴

Give to the toiling suffering masses, for whom this world is so evil, belief in a better world made for them, and they will be tranquil, they will be patient. *Patience is born of hope.*

The civilization of our age has taken away this argument for resignation. It denies that "belief in a better world," and enforces upon the people a system of education in which no word may be heard of that higher hope. But as the poet has truly said :

D'un siècle sans espoir naît un siècle sans crainte.

The masses have not been slow to learn the lesson which the civilization of the age has taught them, and to "better the instruction" by carrying it to its legitimate conclusion. If God is to be denied, they will deny him plainly, openly, blasphemously. If capital is the supreme good, they will at all hazards have their share of it. The movement which is working secretly throughout Europe, and of the outward expression

⁸³ Lecky, *History of Rationalism*, vol. ii. p. 404.

⁸⁴ *Claude Gueux*. The passage is well worth quoting. "O si sic omnia !" It is as follows : "Donnez, donnez au peuple qui travaille, au peuple qui souffre, au peuple pour lequel ce monde-ci devient mauvais, la croyance à un meilleur monde fait pour lui, il sera tranquille il sera patient. La patience est faite d'espérance. Quoi que vous fassiez, le sort de la grande foule, de la multitude, de la majorité, sera toujours relativement pauvre, malheureux et triste. A elle le dur travail, les fardeaux à pousser, les fardeaux à porter. Examinez cette balance : toutes les jouissances dans le plateau du riche, toutes les misères dans le plateau de pauvre. Les deux parts ne sont-elles pas inégales ? La balance ne doit elle pas nécessairement pencher e t l'état avec elle ? Et maintenant dans le lot du pauvre, dans le plateau des misères, jetez la certitude d'un avenir céleste, jetez l'aspiration au bonheur éternel, jetez la paradis, contre-poids magnifique, vous rétablissez l'équilibre. La part du pauvre est aussi riche que celle du riche. C'est ce que Jésus savait.

of which we have seen something in the "Commune" and the "International," is the logical outcome of the principles of modern thought.

Of course, the triumph of that movement can only be secured by the strictest association, and such association involves the sacrifice of individuality and personal liberty. The history of trades-unions in this country has shown, that when a sufficient end is proposed to them, the masses are willing and able to make that sacrifice. And when the wished for goal is reached, and the "rights of labour,"⁸⁵ as they are called, are vindicated, and the "cause of the many" triumphs, the result will be a moral and political chaos, the complete destruction of the social fabric which has lasted for a thousand years, the casting back of the human race into the condition in which Christianity found it. I do not, of course, say that this is the inevitable future before the world: "Futuri temporis exitum Caliginosa nocte premit Deus." I only say that the existing condition of our civilization renders such a future probable: a civilization, great indeed in a material point of view, but in which all the elements of moral greatness are moribund, and in which the tone of thought resembles, and is every day more nearly resembling, that of the Roman Empire in the period of its decline. And as the effete civilization of the ancient world was broken up by the irruption of the barbarian hordes, so it may well be the destiny of the corrupt and godless civilization of this age, to fall before the universal revolt of the *prolétariat*.

VII.

It is commonly said—one may read it every day in the newspapers—that the days in which we live are gloomy for Catholics: that the knell of their Church has at length sounded. But a voice, whose claims on our confidence are confirmed by the history of eighteen centuries, interprets the signs of the times otherwise. The days are evil, not for the Church, but for human society, which in rejecting her has cast away its palladium. The passing bell, which is heard by the keenest ears of the age, tells, not of the death of the religion of Jesus Christ, but of the dissolution of the old secular order of which it was the life. It is true that throughout that portion of the world which the Church once baptized "Christendom," her

⁸⁵ Or, according to another account, "the right of not labouring"—*le droit de ne travailler pas*.

possessions are pillaged, her discipline invaded, her rites derided, her ministers persecuted, her doctrines blasphemed; it is true that her Sovereign Pontiff has been despoiled of his temporal principality, that religion is outraged in the Holy City, where his seat is fixed. But there the harm which has been done her, the harm which can be done her, ends. The anti-Christian spirit of the age can only strike at her accidentals. Her Divine life is beyond its reach. And never throughout her long career has she given proofs of more exuberant vitality than at this moment. Never did her Supreme Infallible Oracle speak with clearer accents from the Chair of Truth; never was her Episcopate more firmly united to its centre and head; never were her children more thoroughly of one heart and of one mind; never were her modes of action so varied and so fruitful. In this age of the world, as in every preceding age, she addresses herself to her Divine mission, nor does her rejection by the existing civilization cause her to falter in her task. She exposes indeed the true character of that civilization. She seeks out and catalogues the principal errors which it has adopted as its first principles; and as the Prophet of God and the Witness of the Truth, she solemnly reprobates, proscribes, and condemns them. And she receives a "prophet's reward." She is hated and persecuted, and her name is cast out as evil. And here is an involuntary confession of her Divinity. Alone, among the multitudinous religions of men, she is signalled out by the anti-Christian movement as its irreconcilable foe.

The present is an age of transition. The old political and social forms of the last century are as dead as those of the middle ages, out of which they came. A new order is struggling into existence. What throes and convulsions the world must pass through before the vast changes which are in progress receive their consummation, we know not. But one thing we surely know: that in the years to come, the Catholic Church will be, as she has been in the years that are passed, the one fount of light and life to men: whether installed in the rightful place as the Guide and Judge of nations, or banished to the "upper chamber," or the Catacombs. And this knowledge is a sufficient encouragement to action for us now. It is enough, if, in however humble a way, we may take part in work, which in the Divine seal of her approbation has a sure pledge that it will not be in vain;

Enough, if something from our hands have power,
To live and act, and serve the future hour.

W. S. L.

A Defence of the Religious Orders.

THE most modest, the most deserving, and the most thoroughly religious of our minor Catholic periodicals,¹ has done us a very good service by printing at full length, in its last issue, a translation of the remarkable sermon preached by Mgr. Freppel, the Bishop of Angers, at Solesmes, on the 16th of March in the present year, the anniversary day of the funeral of the late Dom Guéranger. The theme is indeed a simple theme, and one which it might be imagined hardly needed enforcing upon the mind of any Catholic nation in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Europe, as a whole, certainly owes too much to the labours of religious men to need, it might seem, any new enforcement of her obligations to them. There are, indeed, some countries, our own among the number, which owe a larger share of the debt on their own account than others. England was converted by monks, Catholic faith and discipline have been more than once sustained in her by monks, and, that our religion was not altogether stamped out in her during the many generations which have succeeded since the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, is in no small measure to be set down to the labours and sufferings of the religious orders, who gave so many martyrs and confessors to the Church during that calamitous and yet glorious epoch. English Catholics as a body have never, happily, shown the slightest inclination to forget this, and what may be said with so much truth of our fellow-countrymen may be affirmed with equal certainty of our foreign brethren. It might seem, then, to some that the Bishop of Angers was wasting himself on a superfluous task when he took so much pains to prove to an audience, which must have been already convinced of the truth of his argument, that the monk or religious man is in a peculiar way the man who belongs to God, the man who belongs to the Church, and the man who belongs to the Holy Apostolic See. It is true that the general line of his discourse

¹ See the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, May, 1876.

was constantly illustrated by particular and happy references to the example of the venerable son of St. Benedict, whose anniversary service brought together the large and distinguished audience which listened to the eloquent preacher. But the main purpose of Mgr. Freppel's address was to put forward a clear and intelligible defence of the religious institute in general.

That his words were not inopportune may be considered as sufficiently proved by the letter which the publication of the Discourse has elicited from the Holy Father himself: "Nothing could be more opportune than your discourse, or better suited to these times, when piety is not only mocked at, but hated and openly persecuted; when the monks are held up as enemies to science, to art, and to civilization, or at least as useless, in order to furnish a pretext to molest, to persecute, and to disperse them. True it is, that the sun shines in vain for those that close their eyes to its light; but there are not wanting sincere minds who, misled by pernicious teachings, hate what they know not, and blaspheme that of which they are ignorant. For these at least we earnestly desire that your discourse may prove useful." We see here that the Holy Father considers that there are not only malicious enemies, but also sincere though deluded minds, among the opponents and persecutors and detractors of the religious orders in our time, and that he hopes that the suggestions contained in Mgr. Freppel's discourse may do something towards opening their eyes to the true and Catholic view of the case.

We have already named the three divisions into which the discourse before us falls. Under the first head, in which the monk is considered especially as the "man of God," or belonging to God, there are some eloquent paragraphs on the importance in the Church of that continual voice of praise which is rendered to God most especially and most proudly by religious bodies consecrated to His worship. We need hardly say that the eloquence of the original loses considerably in the English version.

Full well was this realized by the man of God, who has been present to your minds while I have been speaking. When, at an early age, he determined to renounce the world and to follow Christ in the path of the evangelical counsels, what mainly attracted him to the cloister was the thought of re-establishing the sacrifice of praise in all its perfection. With that deep sense of tradition which distinguished him, he ascended the course of ages in order to discover the monastic

idea in its original and fecund simplicity. The rule of St. Benedict presented it in its true and complete formula. Without stopping at the transitory and accidental accretions of divers times, Dom Guéranger went to the very substance of things, purposing the foundation, not of a school of erudite critics, or of a learned academy, but of a family of perfect Christians, which, in its turn, would produce others, and whose common and central work was to be public prayer. *Opus Dei*—"The work of God." This was the idea of St. Benedict, it was also his. Hence did he write at the very beginning of his *Liturgical Year*, "Prayer is man's chiefest good." And the last page he dictated as his spiritual testament to his children, he entitled, "The Church, or the Society of Divine praise." The Abbot of Solesmes reveals himself wholly to us in these two sentences. Hence, too, the important place he awarded to what he was wont to call "social prayer," and his earnestness in forming those choirs of consecrated virgins, whose chants cease not day or night; hence his care to place on the lips of his children the prayers of the Church, "as being more agreeable to the ear and Heart of God, and therefore of greater avail;" hence those eloquent pages wherein he exhorts them "to look upon themselves as the deputies of the Christian people to pay the tribute of homage and thanksgiving due to God, to the glorious Virgin Mary, and to the Saints;" hence his immortal works for initiating the faithful people in the Divine cycle of the mysteries of the Christian year, enabling them to follow Holy Church in its prayer for each mystic season, and even for every day and hour. He was well aware that to pray with the Church is to identify oneself with her, to be imbued with her spirit, to live with her life.

The day when, freed from every other care, the monk, with nought else in view, will praise and make others praise God, he will become thereby a fit instrument in the hands of the Church, "ready for every good work." As a genuine disciple of St. Benedict, Dom Guéranger followed the path his master had marked out: it was to lead him to those great achievements whereof his life was full. For action proceeds from contemplation, and in becoming the man of God by the vows, the cloister, and the praise of God, the monk becomes thereby the man of the Church.

Under the second head, which treats of the devotion of the religious man to the Church, and of the services which he is able to render to her, we find a brilliant exposition of the way in which, by belonging first of all entirely to God, and by attending to the care of his own soul, the monk becomes a leader in the work of enlightenment, civilization and reform.

Then did every monastery become an asylum for learning, and the rays of doctrine were shed on every side, from the centres of light called

Lateran, Canterbury, Fulda, Bec, Corbie, to mention but a few among a thousand. Would the Church durably found the great edifice of Christian civilization by constituting society on the basis of the Gospel? The greatest of all wonders—among these solitaries, absorbed in prayer and contemplation, caring but to become saints and win heaven, the Church found her most able rulers, her most profound politicians. But yesterday they were among their brethen, singing with them the Divine praises, without any further aspiration; and behold them now on the Chair of Peter, on the thrones of the churches, in the councils of kings, astounding the world by the clearness of their mental ken, the readiness and energy of their resolutions. We have, for instance, a St. Gregory the Great leaving solitude to embrace the whole world in the solicitude of a zeal that acknowledges neither truce nor limits. Or Suger passing from the cloister to the government of the first kingdom in Christendom. Or again, St. Gregory VII. going forth from his monastery to beat back an invasion worse than that of the barbarians, the invasion of despotism and of corruption. And when I speak of the restoration of discipline, of moral influence over the masses, I ought to call to your memory those grand names of Cluny, the immortal honour of the monastic order, Maieul, Odilo, Hugh, all those great men, those men of God, who, at any given moment, from Iceland to Palestine, from Spain to Russia, bound in one cluster their four thousand monasteries, which, while each one was left to its own autonomy, were united together in one spirit and in the pursuit of a common end, the triumph of Jesus Christ in and through the Church.

But perhaps the most striking part of the whole discourse is the third point, in which the Bishop of Angers developes the idea of the intimate relation of the religious orders to the Holy See, and the many possible evils from which the Church is preserved by this relation.

According to the order established by God, the whole Christian people, whether laity or clergy, should be united by the tie of subordination to this mother and mistress of the Churches. The Church Catholic is an army in battle array, moving at the word of a supreme chief to war against the world and the powers of darkness. The object of this conflict, wherein the whole course of history is summed up, is the establishment of the universal kingdom of Christ. But in this army there is a chosen band forming the body-guard of the sovereign, who watch over his person, receive his commands without intermediary, and are devoted to his cause with an ardour surpassing that of all the rest. To fight the good fight throughout the world, the Roman Church requires its special militia stationed in every part, recruited among the best, one with the great army of Christ, and yet forming a body apart, in order to be able to manœuvre and to act more freely in immediate dependance on the central authority. This body-guard, destined to protect the Pontifical

monarchy, and by its boundless devotedness to serve as its rampart, this militia, ever ready to put forth all its disciplined energy and valour in the service of the Papacy, is to be found in the religious orders, of which the monastic order is the most ancient and most complete form.

I need not remind you of what the monastic order has done to spread the influence and to strengthen the hands of the Papacy. The history of Christendom witnesses abundantly thereto in its every page. If the Successors of St. Peter have succeeded in establishing in Europe the kingdom of Christ, and in maintaining it when once established, it is due to a great extent to their having had at hand, in the disciples of St. Benedict, instruments the more active and tractable as they were the more perfect. Each monastery and abbey was for them a rallying-point, an outwork, guarding the approaches to the city itself. Hence, whenever the spirit of evil wishes to assail the Apostolic See, it ever begins by attacking this opposing force, the first it has to encounter, in the assured hope of dealing thereby a heavy blow to the centre of the doctrine and government of the Church. But, as you will have no difficulty in understanding, it was necessary, in order to the successful fulfilment of a mission no less glorious than fruitful, that the monastic order should be placed in a direct and immediate relation with the vital centre of the Church, that its life and action should emanate from no other source. Wherefore it is not from this or that branch, but from the very stock of the divinely planted vine it draws the Evangelic sap. To attach itself to this or that portion of the Mystical Body of Christ, and not to the Head thereof, would be to ignore both its nature and its purpose. In other words, the monastic order imperatively requires monastic exemption as the safeguard of its existence, as the condition of its duration. God forbid that I should curtail in the least the prerogatives of diocesan jurisdiction! At this time of the year, more than at any other, I delight in calling to mind that the feast of St. Benedict is also the anniversary of my election to the Episcopal charge. But I feel no difficulty in reconciling the rights of the Divine hierarchy with the privilege, at once so useful and reasonable, of Regular exemption. Guided by the Spirit of Wisdom which ever animates her, Holy Church has so arranged matters that the Episcopacy retains its just authority without any disturbance of the normal action of the proper and inner life of the monastic order. Doubtless, nought that concerns the purity of doctrine and of morals can be withdrawn from the cognizance of the Bishop, who is the guardian of discipline and the source of jurisdiction for every act that concerns the flock committed to his charge; but while leaving intact this prerogative of inspection and protection, it has been the Church's settled plan to insure the inviolability of the constitution of religious orders, and of the regular discharge of their functions. No less widespread than the Church herself, the monastic order could not be exposed to local variations, without running the risk of losing its true character and of seeing its spirit and its rule deteriorate by diocesan modifications. It must then be connected, and that without any intermediary, with the

centre of unity, in order to escape disintegration and division ; its power must come to it from the fountain-head of spiritual authority, that it may the better withstand the pressure of error, the assaults of violence. Thus, and thus only, can it remain the trusty auxiliary of the Roman Church, and for the faithful a school of perfection the more worthy of confidence as its light and direction emanate from their highest source.

It is indeed one of the greatest consolations that religious in general, and the religious of any specially unpopular order in particular, can receive, that they find themselves chosen out by the enemies of the Church, whether open adversaries or worldly Catholics, for proscription, jealousy, cavilling, criticism, or even overt persecution, at the very same time that the Holy See is made the object of so many attacks, open and insidious. If they are ever tempted to be faint-hearted and to repine under the difficulties which are cast in their way, the thought that they have at all events the enmity of the world and of worldly men of every class is enough to revive their courage. The times in which we live are, indeed, times when there is little likelihood of any serious or permanent hindrances being thrown in the way of the free working of religious orders in any of the many spheres of action which are more especially their own, except the hindrances which come from the declared enemies of the Church. Times of danger and difficulty are always felt by sincere and earnest souls to be no times for dissension. The machinery of the Church depends very largely upon mutual charity for its successful working. But mutual charity is always fostered by persecution from without, and in our time, when the blows of the enemies of God and man have fallen so relentlessly upon the Holy See and upon the religious orders, the sympathy which binds the faithful people both to the Holy See and the religious orders has been deepened and intensified.

It may be remarked that while the persecution which has of late in so many parts of the world fallen rather on the more active bodies which follow the religious life than on those which give themselves chiefly to contemplation, the defence made on the behalf of the religious system as a whole in the sermon before us seems to speak rather of the latter than of the former. There is, in truth, no distinction in principle between the two classes of religious bodies. The more active orders are the progeny to which the Church has given birth under the pressure

of the new wants of the faithful since the middle ages were closed. The Tridentine epoch was the great time of their birth, and we are still living under the conditions of the Tridentine epoch. One of the happiest results of the new form which the religious life has, in so many conspicuous instances, adopted, has been the comparative obliteration of the distinction between the clergy and the religious orders. Of course there were "Clerks Regular" long before the time of which we speak, but the proportion of priests in the religious orders has been very largely increased. It is no longer possible to speak of the secular and parochial clergy as forming an essential element in the Church, while the regulars are an ornament to the same of more or less vital importance. The whole body of the priesthood is the essential element in the Church. Another result has been that in many cases, especially in countries more or less missionary, the regulars have had to undertake the ordinary work of the priesthood for the service of the people. And another remarkable feature in the history of the last centuries has been the conspicuous improvement in the general standard attained by the secular clergy. This may be only indirectly the fruit of the great change for the better—in comparison with the times immediately before the Reformation—in the religious bodies themselves. The Tridentine discipline, the establishment of seminaries, the labours and example of such men as M. Olier and others like him, have been, no doubt, the direct causes of the movement of which we speak. Still, it remains true that when religious orders are flourishing and active, the secular clergy is also flourishing and active. In those countries in which the religious orders have been either suppressed or rendered comparatively inactive, the secular clergy has sunk to a low level, and, as a natural consequence, the spiritual life of the populations has been impaired.

To a Catholic mind, these and other similar results are only fresh reasons for attaching immense importance to the good and flourishing condition of the religious orders. The people who say that their time is past, are the same people who say that the time of the Holy See is past. There will always be needs in the Church and in her relations with the world which no power can supply but that of the Holy See. Europe has been trying to do without the Pope for some generations, and the result is that a new form of slavery has been introduced in the form of the conscription, and that European states can so

little trust one another that they have to keep masses of armed men on foot in time of peace seven or eight times as large as the host with which Xerxes invaded Greece, and that after all they have no security for six weeks in advance. Yet the loss of temporal peace to the Continent of Europe is as nothing to the misery which would fall on Christian nations if the spiritual bond which unites them by means of the centre of Unity were relaxed. There would be as many churches as there are nations, and the Church in each nation would become the slave of the temporal power.

No one will say that the religious institute is of the same vital importance to the existence of the Church as the Papacy. But it will always remain true that that institute must exist in the Church, if she is to represent to the world the full height and perfect outline of the teaching and example of our Lord. And not only so. There will also always be work for the service of the Church and the benefit of her children which cannot be done by any but religious men and women. Great works of mercy, great missionary enterprizes, the defence of revelation on the battlefields of science and history, the elucidation of Sacred Scripture, the highest intellectual education, sustained theological speculation and analysis—for these and a score of other special objects, the natural provision in the Church is to be found in the religious orders. The world understands these things well enough. It achieved a great victory at the end of the last century, and crippled the Church for a generation or two by its onslaught on the religious life. It is now attempting a repetition of the same manoeuvre, before the enemies whom it then for a moment succeeded in removing from its path have had breathing time to recover their full strength. For it takes many years, in this as in other cases, to restore what it requires only a moment to destroy. We believe that the world will not this time have its victory. We believe that the triumph of the Church is the ultimate, and not far distant, issue of the troublous time through which we are now passing. And for this very reason we believe that the attacks which have lately been made against the religious orders will not be successful.

Josephine's Troubles.

A STORY OF THE OCCUPATION OF VERSAILLES IN 1870.

CHAPTER XVI.

For a long time the luckless German officer lay between life and death: in fact, the German army doctors, whose surgery was of the roughest kind, had pronounced that it was but wasting time in looking after him. One of them, as he took his leave, said to Josephine, that "if the patient wished to live, he must contrive it himself, for that they could not help him. But," added the under-divisional Army Surgeon Hüffer, "a good-looking girl like ma'amselle is not such bad physic, after all." This was said with a clumsy gallantry worthy of a miner or navvy. These speeches gave Josephine no concern, as she was now beginning to be well trained to such inconveniences, which were, after all, only part of the trials of war. Trials of this kind were, indeed, not to be put beside those of a more serious kind which were now in store for her. For she felt a presentiment that the malicious tongues of her own countrypeople would wag now more furiously than ever. A child of France, suspected of having given away her heart to one of its enemies—and now to be found assiduously watching his couch, tending his wounds, perhaps praying for him at chapel! It was something to listen to the rather un-Christian Madam Jacquet, whom this new turn of affairs seemed to have inflamed to rage and madness. What with mortification, disappointment, and hardships, this once important lady needed some such vent for her feelings; and she thus preyed upon and nurtured this *vendetta* to Josephine as a relief: "Nursing a wretch of this kind—giving him his potions: his hands actually embued in the blood of Frenchmen. Why, if she were a true Frenchwoman, she might find an opportunity to execute justice on these vile marauders! There have been true Frenchwomen since Charlotte Corday!"

This sentiment was received with favour, and told with additional force against Josephine; though the angry lady did not reflect that she herself had nearly the same opportunity of playing the part of the indomitable Charlotte—the invaders who were quartered on her being even worse in her eyes than Marat. But the effect on her son of this new supposed relation of Josephine's to the German Captain was even more extraordinary. Everything seemed to combine to inflame and

harass this luckless youth. The Lamberts had found newer and more desirable admirers, and had thrown him over with a plain Philistinism that would have become the great Bismarck himself. For them times were of course bad; but they had made the most of the disasters, and found whatever agreeability there was to be obtained in Versailles. The Germans of their house delighted in goading him and his father to the very verge of rebellion, and both, as we have seen, had already had some narrow escapes. He still writhed under Josephine's expressed contempt, and felt that he had thrown away or lost for ever a heart that might have been his. And that German—wounded—sick—and interesting—

But while he lurked about outside the house, drawn by a strange restlessness, preyed on almost by furies, we shall now turn to see what was going forward within.

At the outset—on the very night that the wounded officer had been brought in—Josephine had held a stern judicial inquiry into the state of her own heart, with a view to regulating her conduct, and had chivalrously determined that if she were called upon to attend her guest, no thought of what the neighbours and gossips outside might say or think of her should interfere. Neither would she allow the fact of her own inclinations being upon the same side and favouring the course she had adopted, to interfere in the slightest degree. Having thus determined, she entered firmly and almost cheerfully upon her task.

This duty of attendance was indeed cast upon her of necessity; for this being the time of frequent sorties, the doctors' hands were full, and they could only attend to the desperate cases. Never was there so devoted a nurse. The patient was in sad case, but he had a strong constitution, and after a fortnight began to mend. It was indeed no romantic or ornamental duty for Josephine. There was no one to help or relieve her, save the honest maid of the house; and she had to sit up many nights in succession, watching and waiting till the favourable turn came. From the Germans in the house, who would not give up an hour of their heavy and stentorious slumbers to convenience any one, she got no aid: though they took care to look in, with a sort of jealous suspicion, sapiently holding the medicine bottles up to the light and sniffing them. Indeed, one of the surgeons informed her in a business-like way, that she would now be held responsible for the life of the patient, and that if he died it would be a very awkward business. He meant this as a friendly caution, and Josephine was so accustomed to these things that the insinuation did not bring even a faint flush of colour to her cheeks, as it might have done at an earlier season.

Captain Müller now sat up, though he was scarcely able to speak in a tone above a whisper.

"Sister of Charity!" he said, with a smile—and these were his first words. "Had I known that this trouble would have been cast upon you, I should have had myself carried up to the Palace or to the Ambulance Hospital. But, alas! I could understand nothing of what

was going on round me. I thought I had begun my passage to the other world."

"Hush! You are not to talk," replied Josephine, gently. "The danger is past for the present; but there must be the greatest care."

"I wish——" he said, anxiously. "If I could but write home to my mother——"

"You would like her to be with you," said Josephine. "I can write for you."

"How good you are!" he said. "She would like to be here herself—and there is no one to tell her. These rough Philistines have no time for what they call sentiment."

Even this little fragment of conversation had tired him, and he sank back on his pillow.

"Tell her to come," he said, "and let Bertha come too. The nurse will want care herself."

"That is enough," said Josephine, firmly. "You will tell me her address by-and-bye, and the letter shall go this evening, by the Field post."

Accordingly Josephine repaired to the desk, and in a few moments had written a letter to the effect that was required. It was a simple natural production, written without any affectation, and begging the mother to have no anxiety as "the crisis was past." To this worthy German matron these words of balm, that have been used again and again in all ages and climes, were to bring their accustomed thrill of relief. In conclusion, she bade her have good hope, as her son was carefully tended and was looking forward to her coming, as well as that of Miss Bertha. She read it over to him, and then despatched it.

Perhaps Josephine did not look forward with pleasure to her duties being shared, even by the mother and sister of the patient. She might have been glad to have had the responsibility, labour, and "glory"—or rather self-sacrifice—involved in the duty. For she was even proud of it, and, as we have seen, of the obloquy which it brought her. Now, of course, his mother would take her place. And she pictured her as an amiable matron, her hair iron grey, and devoted. This view she gathered from her being the first thought of her son. Of the daughter she could form no very clear idea; but the idea, indistinct as it was, seemed to repel her. To the mother she felt herself to some measure drawn. She would feel grateful—would she not have a sympathy for one who had taken care of her son? Still, she felt a presentiment that all might not go so well, and that strangers, as they were, might not be inclined to tolerate her cooperation in their duties. However, she prepared herself calmly for each event, and fortified by the sense of duty, calmly waited.

A week, a fortnight went by, and the German captain, though still weak and suffering, was showing signs of recovery. Now he could sit at the window, and later was assisted down to the glass doors which opened on to the pleasant garden which stretched out behind the

house; and, later again, could walk painfully round the garden itself. The coming of his relations was a matter of intricacy and difficulty, to be alone arranged by diplomacy: for the entry into Versailles was as difficult a matter as to enter the stalls of a crowded Paris theatre with a ticket or a pass. Any one making the attempt was turned back, and the permission of the King had to be directly sought through the tortuous channels of the Berlin bureaucracy. One morning our captain with great exultation showed Josephine a letter, announcing that the permission had been given, and that his family would start at once.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "they are not to be quartered on you. We are not so unreasonable as that. No, the quartermaster has found them rooms close by. But it is very good of them to come, is it not?"

Of course, Josephine gave the conventional assent. After this news she noticed that his spirits were rising, and that he began, though in weak tones, to sing his favourite songs. He had made a wonderful rally.

Meanwhile the sorties and the movements of armed men were continuing. The weary round went on. But the end was nearer than had been supposed. Many symptoms showed that this was the case, and though there was nothing official known, even to the official world, the air itself seemed to be charged with rumours of exhaustion, and of course our sanguine population magnified these signs to the utmost.

All through the occupation there had never been wanting apparitions of the most dramatic kind to stimulate these feelings, which were to set speculation on foot and cause every one to wonder and talk in cafés and at the fireside. For instance, the following, which I well remember, and which had occurred a few weeks before.

It was in the early part of October when I was passing down the Avenue of Paris, towards noon, nearly the busiest hour of the day. An open carriage was seen driving up rapidly. To our amazed eyes was revealed a French general officer, in his full uniform, with a Prussian seated beside him. What could this apparition mean? He was clearly no prisoner. Some of the populace set off after the carriage, which was seen to stop at a house in the Satory Street, where the French officer and his companion entered.

The amazement and excitement caused by this news was of course enormous. Large mobs began to collect round the Prefecture and the house, to the annoyance of the sentries, who as usual began to use the butt-ends of their muskets in the favourite fashion. But this had no effect on the eager crowd, and the irritated Germans began to pounce on victims, and batches of these unlucky sight-seers were hauled to the guard-house. Then the officer in the uniform of the French general came out, took his seat in the carriage and drove off, pursued by the mob. "If we could only touch his hand!" some cried. Others, more venturous, actually raised the cry of "*France for ever!*" while every head was bared. The magical presence of the loved French uniform was too much for some, who shed tears copiously.

As usual, the impressionable natives were to find they had been expending their sympathies on an unsuitable object. It soon leaked out that this was the famous general Boyer, from Metz, who had come to open that curious intrigue on the part of Bazaine, which might have once more restored the Imperial family. During the two days that followed, there were secret meetings in presence of the King, in which the matter was discussed, and on the morning of the third the French general departed in his open carriage, attended by his German companion, having enjoyed a sort of theatrical popularity for only a few hours.

The real surprise was to be the coming of a far more remarkable personage. On one Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, the last day of October, the "old William," surrounded by a brilliant staff of his dukes and princes, was busy reviewing a body of the German militia in the Paris Avenue, when there was seen coming along the Chantiers Street a Berline drawn by four horses, ridden by German postilions. It drove on up to the Reservoirs Hotel, where its occupants entered. The Berline brought that wonderful and spirited old man who, with high eighty years on his head, had in six weeks scoured all Europe, knocking at every palace door, and trying desperately to move the prudent hearts of Emperors and Kings. Here he was now, unfatigued and unflagging, ready to attempt the last part of the duty he had undertaken. The brave old man rested but a few minutes, and presently that characteristic little figure, with the bright bespectacled eyes, was seen asking the way to the Chancellor's house, and took his way there on foot. The Berline followed him, and waited. That afternoon he was on his way into Paris, whence he was to return with proper credentials for treating. Again, this apparition filled our little settlement with all kinds of rumours; but, as is well known, the negotiations came to nothing.

There was to be only one more apparition of the kind before the curtain fell on this little piece.

CHAPTER XVII.

GLOOMY as was the condition of things in Josephine's household, that in the Jacquet mansion was far more unfortunate. As we have seen, no one of the family was fitted with the discretion or the moderation that was absolutely necessary to make the situation even tolerable. Madam Jacquet was a violent, indiscreet lady, accustomed to have her own way, to make her own way, to sacrifice other people rather than herself, when she could. She was now suffering from disappointment—from annoyances at the loss of her favourite pursuits and the minature fashionable life which prevailed at Versailles. To her husband she had grown almost intolerable, and he was now more and more to be found in those retired coffee-houses, where he was not likely to be sought. Indeed, on other grounds his home was disagreeable to him, as the

burly Germans installed in the house took delight, as we have seen, in making him their butt. It was altogether a very painful and degrading state of things, and Jacquet now found himself seeking consolation in many additional "bocks" and little glasses of absinthe. In his favourite resort, which was of a safe, national kind, where the "walls had no ears," he could dwell securely on the infamous Germans, and on their treatment, not so much of the country, as of himself and his household. He was crushed, "ground" by them. "Goodness! If there was but fair play—why one Frenchman, as all the world knew, was equal to four Prussians, any day!" And then, affected at the picture which he had drawn of his own miseries, he called for one more bock, over which he bent his broad face in a sort of despair.

His son's state was far more piteous. He was, as we have seen, of a highly excitable and nervous temperament, and was quite unfitted to encounter the rough shocks to which he had been exposed latterly. He had none of the usual food of his life. His flirtations, little songs, &c., had all been cut off. He "moonied" and moped about. In this state of mind an incident occurred to him which was fraught with very serious consequences.

The heavy Germans who were quartered on the family were in the habit, as it has been mentioned, of finding sport in goading the owner of the house and his son to the verge of frenzy, making insulting remarks in their presence, talking of the French "dregs" (*canaille*) that they had to live among, and putting on them every duty that could annoy or harass. The gross doctor in the spectacles has been mentioned, who in all that regarded his comforts was dogged, rude, and inflexible. He was an exceedingly disagreeable "customer," as it is called, to deal with, and always insisted on prefacing every tyrannous act with an argument, &c., as though he were giving judgment. Before now, of all the charges that were brought against the Occupants, the favourite was the well known one of pilfering and plundering. This among the soldiers was of course to be expected, and the outcome of the situation. But it was more frequently declared that the officers were fond of helping themselves to little ornaments and trinkets, under the pretext of sending them home as souvenirs. It was thus that the Sèvres factory had suffered cruelly from these depredations, hardly an officer in the garrison being without his little collection of plates, and other objects which he was delighted to send—or later to carry—home as little presents for his sweetheart. Another more flagrant instance of their spoliation is well remembered at Versailles by the sufferers. A severe edict had been issued by the General in command, ordering that within a few hours all arms of every description in the possession of private persons—they had already confiscated the military rifles—should be given up, and the result was a very choice collection of fancy weapons, elegantly carved and mounted: French sportsmen cultivating a certain dandyism in the decoration of their weapons. Some of them were of a very choice kind—masterpieces of Devisme and other Paris

makers—the stocks being beautifully inlaid. They were, in fact, intended as ornaments for the elegant bachelor's apartment, as well as for "the sport." These weapons were all supposed to be held in trust, until better times; but when the peace came, only a few shabby guns and pistols were forthcoming, and it was believed that the German officers had selected the choicest specimens for themselves, and had carried them off to their own country.

Young Jacquet, as might be imagined, had a perfect little armoury over his chimney-piece, which he used to exhibit to his lady visitors. It was his sorest day of trial when he was called on to gather these treasures together and take them up to the general's quarters. What was more irritating, he noted the chuckling interest with which the German doctor attended the process, and watched him in what seemed to the young man a very insulting fashion, as though he was not carrying out the order faithfully. With sighs, and indeed some tears, the treasures were sent away, and he then noted that the doctor at once followed them, as though they had been under his charge. Indeed, this gentleman, on the very first day, had shown a curious interest in the weapons, and more particularly in a very handsome pair of pistols, mounted in antique fashion with silver; and his interest seemed to young Jacquet to travel beyond mere admiration, and reach to covetousness. This was a hint, and almost at once the arms were removed and securely locked up by Madam Jacquet.

The doctor, in his good-humoured moments, inquired after them, and once, after dinner, declared roughly that they ought to be made a present to him, and, on this proposal being declined, said grossly that, as it was, they belonged to the great German army, and that the French were beaten and conquered, and that they were allowed to keep anything only by the good-nature of the magnanimous German soldiers—that they were treated too well, &c. The youth was with difficulty restrained from answering these insults; but the doctor often recurred to the subject. However, as we said, the pistols were taken to the "Commandanture."

During these latter days, however, when the young Jacquet was descending the stairs, the door of the doctor's room being wide open, he saw on the table something that glittered very much after the fashion of his favourite pistols! It seemed incredible. Burning with indignation, he advanced irresolutely into the room, and for a certainty recognized and seized his treasures. This was certainly "an infamy," if ever there had been one during the occupation. Descending to where his family were seated, in their most desponding mood, he exhibited his recovered weapons, which inflamed the wrongs of the party to madness. In their foolishness, they were actually glad, as though there was some tribunal sitting before which their persecutors could be brought and convicted. Old Jacquet particularly was triumphant. "This brands them before the world," he cried. "This proves them robbers."

Madam Jacquet joined her somewhat shrill denunciations, while her

son stood looking at his pistols, with the complacent air of one who had adroitly brought a malefactor to justice.

Suddenly a rough, heavy tramping was heard outside, and, the door being flung open, the doctor entered, and walking straight to young Jacquet, dragged the pistols from him.

"You were in my room," he said. "How dare you! Do you know I could have you sent to prison for this? And I have a good mind to do so. You all want a lesson in this house—every one of you."

"Sir," said old Jacquet, rising from his seat with rotund dignity, "there is a lady present."

"Are we to bear this, my son? It is too much!" said the lady alluded to.

"Hold your tongue, you—a lady, indeed! A month in one of our Spinhouses would do her good."

At this gross allusion, the young man's restraint gave way.

"This is unendurable," he cried. You're a common thief—a robber; and then you insult us. Yes, thief—thief!

With a roar as of some animal, the infuriated German rushed forward, and with his rude fist actually seized the young man by the collar of his coat. "You shall pay for this, scum of the earth."

In another moment the luckless youth had set himself free, and with his palm had struck the German across the face! Then, half alarmed at what he had done, he started back and stood on his defence, with one of the unlucky pistols pointed at his enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE of the sights of the town that day, and one of the topics of conversation everywhere, was that of the young Jacquet being dragged through the streets, all bleeding and maimed, in the midst of a strong guard of soldiers, who had rushed in and beaten him down with their muskets. The offence was presently known; and there was, and could be, no discussion as to the issue. To strike a German soldier—or still more, a German officer—was a crime for a court-martial. In any outrage against the army, these tribunals would show no mercy. The young fellow was really in a position of certain peril, and was likely to be allowed a short shrift, with perhaps a long distance from the muzzles of the rifles. "Oh, the poor young man!" "How noble—how gallant!" was heard on all sides from the women. "What will become of him!" "Oh, the savages—the barbarians!"

Madam Jacquet had at once gone off into hysterics, as her tribute to the situation, while old Jacquet lay with his head in his hand, giving out loud and protracted moans. Yet these two mourners did not reflect that it was chiefly owing to their promptings that their unfortunate son had been betrayed into this outburst. Friends came in, and gave

consolation after different modes. Some said that it was the will of heaven, others that they would have the consolation of knowing that he died for France, which in point of fact was scarcely true, nor in its effect of much value. All, however, united in denouncing the vile Germans.

Meanwhile, matters were being hurried on. The following day he was brought before a court-martial, where he bore himself with a scornful defiance, prepared "to die for France," and where half an hour was sufficient to establish the case. It was urged that he intended to kill a German officer. The pistols were loaded—though really by the hands of the German: but the court declined to enter into such nice distinctions. As for the inferior question of the "robbery," into that the court could not enter either. And so a sentence was passed that the prisoner should be shot.

The consternation, when this news got abroad, was extraordinary. Every one in Versailles knew young Jacquet. Every one was stunned at first, but had much to talk of for the rest of the day. There was now a tragic significance that lifted it above the level of subjects of vulgar gossip. The situation of the unhappy mother—no one thought of old Jacquet—demanded all compassion.

Some of the more sensible friends now stepped in, with suggestions as to taking some step. As for expecting anything from the German doctor—who was compromised for exposing himself so awkwardly to the insult, and who was full of fury—that was felt to be hopeless. Besides, the matter had passed from his hands, and had become a public offence against the army. The good-natured parish priest, who felt deeply for the young man, had waited on the General Voigts-Rhetz, and had been told with cold politeness that nothing whatever could be done.

"To speak plainly," he added, "Mr. Vicar, I would not interfere even if I could, for I look on it as the worst outrage that has occurred since we came to Versailles."

"But is there no last resort? Consider, my general—a young man, in the prime of life."

The general smiled. "That is not a serious argument, surely?"

"A poor foolish fellow——"

"Yes; taken with a pistol ready pointed in his hand. His Majesty has, of course, the power of remission; but he never takes such cases out of the hands of the administration. I would advise you, Mr. Vicar, to give him your assistance without delay—he is one of your flock—for suffer he must."

Much dejected, and at the same time convinced, the priest made his way to the Jacquet residence, arranging, as he walked, how he was to prepare the mind of the wretched mother for the worst. It was only as he reached the doorway that an idea, suggested by some mysterious concatenation, almost leaped into his mind, and suggested a chance of deliverance. With such softenings as he could devise, he broke to

them the news of the bad result of his mission; but before it could have had its disastrous effect, hurriedly opened his plan.

"There is but one way which offers the least chance—though it be but a chance. You know Josephine—Josephine Lezack?"

The mother was lying on the sofa quite crushed. All the old vanities had been thrust out, or aside, by this tremendous calamity. Something, however, lingered. She raised herself—

"That Lezack girl—she hates us all, and him! What can she do?"

"Perhaps little," said the priest; "but she can attempt a great deal."

"Ask her to do anything for us," said the lady. "I could never bring myself to that!"

"No! a thousand times no!" groaned Jacquet, still theatrical. "Let him perish first, like a true Frenchman. Let him——"

"Hush," said the priest, impatiently, "you cannot really mean such nonsense. Listen. In Josephine's house is that wounded officer whom she has attended through his illness with much devotion. This Captain Müller, it is said, is a favourite with the generals, and has influence in high quarters. If she could be got to speak to him——"

"Yes," said old Jacquet, bitterly; "he got her wine sold to the Reservoirs, at a high price. Oh, she knows well on which side her bread is buttered."

"If you were to go to her," the priest went on, not noticing the interruption. "Josephine can be magnanimous, as we all know. She has been rather harshly judged."

Madam Jacquet stared at him a little wildly.

"You don't know her," said the mother. "She will be delighted to see me at her feet. She will seize the opportunity to——"

"On the contrary, I firmly believe she would accept this as the best *amende* you could offer her. You little know her courage, madam. Imagine that you see your son stretching out his hands to you from his prison cell, imploring you to save his life."

"Yes! yes!" said she, rising. "Let me go. Let us not lose an instant."

"Well," said old Jacquet, drawing his old brown coat close about him, as if it were a toga, "I consent. For my child's sake, I give my consent. Go, Madeleine!"

CHAPTER XIX.

JOSEPHINE, busy with her many household duties, had heard of her old lover's adventure, though not of the disastrous catastrophe that was impending. The council just described had followed close upon it, and there was hardly time for it to reach her. She sighed over the poor young fellow's trouble.

It was with much astonishment that she heard from the servant that Madam Jacquet was at the door, and begged to see her.

"The poor, poor lady," said the maid, "she seems in dreadful trouble. And Mr. Jacquet, I saw, attended her, but walked away when I opened the door. What can she want!"

Josephine drew herself up, as she thought of her present visitor's stories and even calumnies. It then suddenly occurred to her that the object of this visit might be to reproach her with being the cause of the young man's troubles. Nor was this at all out of character, and might have occurred under other circumstances. There was a little struggle, but the better feeling prevailed.

When she entered the room where Madam Jacquet, veiled and arrayed in the deepest mourning, was waiting, Josephine was astonished at her running and sinking on her knees almost at her feet. Then followed a flood of tears. The unhappy mother faltered out broken apologies, regrets, and laments commingled, through all which Josephine gradually learned the blow that was impending. She was infinitely shocked, for it came suddenly on her. When the agitated suppliant began then hurriedly to explain what Josephine was required to do, the latter hesitated. But Madam overwhelmed her with fresh tears and supplications, and finally Josephine gave way, and consented to go up to Captain Müller.

When she told him of her errand, he shook his head.

"They told me something of this," he said, "and it is a very bad case. Nothing can be done," he added firmly, and yet with a smile; as though it was some matter like obtaining a ticket of admission to some show.

"But I thought—I hoped," said Josephine, "that you would first try—for me."

"What is his name?" asked the captain, suddenly.

"Jacquet."

"Ah, *now* I recollect," said he, laughing. "It is an admirer! Ah, sly Miss Josephine! why did you not say so at first!"

Josephine could almost have cried at this mortifying allusion.

"No, indeed," she said, colouring. "They are old friends of ours; and if you could help them——"

"Now, let us understand," he said, gravely. "This is a matter that may be considered *impossible*. So that if you come to me to say lightly, 'Just to help these people, who are friends of mine,' it is treating a matter of enormous difficulty as a trifle. On the other hand, I am under the deepest obligations to you, perhaps owe my life to you. So, if you say to me, 'I ask you to do this—I require you to do this *for my sake*, as I have done so much for you'—If you put it that way, it would be impossible for me to refuse."

Josephine hesitated at this blunt way of putting the matter, which really gave its full value to what was asked. The officer waited. Then she said, in her calm way, "No; I fear I could not go so far as that."

"Besides," he added, "you will not misunderstand me when I say that I am thinking of you too. If it be said that condemned persons

were to be got off through your influence with the Germans—or, what would be worse, with me—— You will say that is a convenient enough excuse for saving myself; but really I am taking care of my kind and generous nurse. But still, it is for you to decide.”

Josephine returned to the suppliant, and found it a painful task to tell her that she could not, without laying herself under too serious an obligation to the officer, make the request.

“Then his death be upon you,” burst out the mother. “You always disliked him and us, and this is the way you take to revenge yourself!” Then, without caring to see the inconsistency of this tone with what she was about, she returned to her entreaties, conjuring Josephine to take pity on a wretched mother, and show her magnanimity by forgetting old injuries.

Now, the reader may have long since settled that there was in our Josephine's character a certain “priggish” element, and that her motives of conduct were altogether too precise and correct to excite sympathy. A person who acted more upon impulse would be far more natural and interesting. But this idea was caused by her habit of interrogating herself as to the selfishness of this and that act. And while Madam Jacquet was thus imploring her, a little investigation was going on in her mind as to whether her own interest and comfort was not interposing between the good office that was required of her. In a few moments she had decided.

“Just wait for one moment,” she said, and once more sought the captain.

“I thought you would come back,” he said.

“If you would not think it too much,” said Josephine, timidly, “and if, as you say, I have been of any little service to you——”

“Ah! this lucky young fellow,” he said, smiling. “A brave woman will go to any length for the man she loves.”

“Pray do not speak in that way,” said Josephine, with an unusual vehemence. “I can only assure you you are mistaken in that view. You will believe me?”

He answered her gravely that he certainly did. Then said:

“After all, the good lady—or rather, you—must not count on that as a certainty; but I will do my best—my very best—for you, recollect. Otherwise, I believe, this young man richly deserves what he has got. In a week, if he be spared, he and his people will be boasting that we were afraid to touch him—that we dared not do it. However, now to business.” And he began to write, while Josephine hurried down to the expectant mother, and told her this joyful news, such as it was.

“As Madam Jacquet broke out into a tumult of blessings, praises, and even obsequious compliments, which fell awkwardly on Josephine's ear—(“I knew you had influence with this officer. Every one in the place said that he could not refuse you anything!”)—she could not but think of the German captain's last remark, and that probably the

grateful parent would ere long be imputing her intercession to some interested motive.

Within an hour, the Grand Duke on whose staff the captain was, rode up, and sat with the convalescent officer some time. During the course of the day, stray orderlies came back and forward with letters. Still the day went by without certain news. During its course, persons from the Jacquet household found their way up to ask for tidings. Even old Jacquet himself arrived, in a condescending way, as though Josephine should be grateful for being employed in the duty. It was not, however, until ten o'clock that night that a mountain Uhlan cantered up to the door, bearing a despatch. Almost immediately Josephine received a message from Captain Müller, begging of her to have the goodness to come to him at once.

With a fluttering heart, Josephine hurried to his room, and he was grave. She augured the worst. Looking from the window a moment before, she had noted a figure watching the horseman eagerly, and peering in at the door, and which she knew to be the expectant mother.

"He is safe!" said Captain Müller, looking at the letter. "At least, it is not formally announced; but his Majesty has been gracious to say that for the present the sentence will not be carried out, and that he will take the matter into consideration."

"Oh, how good! how kind of you!" cried Josephine, enthusiastically.

"I must tell you it has been a most serious and difficult business. I had to set all kinds of influences at work. I fear I can ask for nothing for myself for years to come. Indeed, I have been told as much."

"I shall never be able to thank you enough," said she, simply. "I have no means of repaying such an obligation."

"But you will always think," he said, with a curious significance, the meaning of which only recurred to her long afterwards, "that it was *for you*—to show you how deeply I feel the kindness I have received from you. In short, that a serious request from you, to whom I am under such an obligation, should be complied with at any cost. You understand me?"

Josephine did not quite understand; but she did not say so.

"Now," he continued, "we had better let this anxious family know what must be so interesting to them. Of course, it is anything but a pardon. He will be sent away to be confined in a Prussian fortress until the war is over; but that is not far off."

Josephine hurried down, brought in Madam Jacquet, who had been waiting so wearily, and joyfully broke to her the good news. The mother fell into hysterical transports, clung convulsively to Josephine, blessed her again and again, shed tears, told her she was worthy of such a son and he of her, and wished then to rush to the presence of the deliverer to bless him also and strain him to her heart, German though he was. "There are some good men among them, after all. Let us

go, my child, to the prison. You shall come too, and we shall all go home together."

Josephine had then to tell her the qualifying part of the benefit, of the Prussian fortress, &c. The lady gave a scream.

"What! they want to kill him a second time! Oh, the wretches! And they call that sparing him. What has my boy done? Why, he will die on the road—or be thrust into one of their cold cells."

"But his life has been spared. Think of that! If you knew the difficulty—the enormous difficulty—of obtaining that grace—"

"Difficulty! Why it would have been murder—sheer murder. All Europe would have screamed out against them! And it is for this that we have been kept in tortures the whole day long. I declare, of the two, I would almost prefer that my brave boy had died! Here, do go back to this German, and tell him he must be released. You can make him do it. I'll wait here."

In vain Josephine tried to explain the real state of the case. Madam Jacquet only grew more excited, incoherently making personal insinuations of the old malicious kind. Infinitely shocked at this ingratitude or thoughtlessness, Josephine at last got her away, and was left to think how she compromised herself for these people, to such little profit. Of course, a life was saved—which was much.

That night, up at the Jacquet mansion, precisely as the German captain had prophesied, old Jacquet was solemnly affirming to his family that the "infamous Prussians dared not" take their son's life—that all Europe would have screamed out against them—that they knew well that Chanzy's army was pressing on their rear, ready to join hands with Trochu. And that as for that Josephine, she was a deep, artful minx, that had— Well, had she not sold her wine to the Germans? Of course they would pretend to do something in return.

Edmund Arrowsmith.

Lancastria Fidelis has certainly merited well of God's Church in England. The genuine downright honesty of its population, the fidelity of its landed gentry, were a barrier to the new religion, which all the material arguments that were at its disposal could not overcome. Now that the archives of England and Belgium, and the precious stores of our bishops' libraries and of our colleges are giving up their dead, we are beginning to realize at what a cost our forefathers defended the heritage of their ancient Faith. Though Father Faber's beautiful hymn has been parodied by Ritualist adoption, yet its true meaning comes out all the clearer, when we read it in the new light which recent research has thrown upon it. Father Morris' publications have been noticed at length in our pages, and have had the unusual fortune of being heartily received by the first literary journals of the day. We need make no apology for devoting a few pages to the martyr whose name is at the head of this article. If we except Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More, and perhaps Father Campion, none of the martyrs is better known than Father Arrowsmith. Spite of modern progress and mechanics' institutes, Catholics and Protestants from the northern and midland counties still go to seek health and cure from his "holy hand."

It was in the heart of Catholic Lancashire, the Lancashire of farms and homesteads, not the county of coal-pits and chimneys, that Robert Arrowsmith was living at the time of our story, the cruel, dangerous days of Elizabeth Tudor. His house was at Haddock, in Winwick parish, about half way between Wigan and Warrington. Robert was a yeoman who had married a lady of gentle birth; it could have been no easy thing for Catholic maidens to find Catholic husbands at such times. Margery Arrowsmith was of the good house of the Gerards. But both were ennobled by the sufferings of their families for the Faith. Margery's father, when carried to

church, by order of his renegade brother, Sir Thomas Gerard, and unable to resist owing to an attack of the gout, sang out his Latin Psalms so lustily, as a protest against the heretical service, that the minister was glad to have him removed. Thurston Arrowsmith, Robert's grandfather, had sacrificed earthly substance and liberty, and at last had died in prison for the truth. It was in 1585 that Margery had a child who was christened Bryan or Barnaby. The little fellow had an early taste of what his faith would cost him. One night the pursuivants broke into the house, searched it from roof to cellar, and then tying the inmates in couples, dragged them off to Lancaster gaol. Poor Barnaby, then but a child, and three other little children, were left in the ransacked house, shivering in the cold, just as they had been turned out roughly from bed, in their nightshirts, till some friendly neighbours came in to look after them.

His father and his uncle Peter, wearied with repeated imprisonments, fled to Flanders, where their brother Edmund was Professor at Douay; but they were forcibly enlisted on landing into the Protestant army. They took care, however, not to shed any blood for that side, and contrived by means of Sir William Stanley, so well known for his surrender at Deventer, to get over to the Spanish and Catholic side. Peter died of his wounds at Brussels, and Robert made his way to Dr. Edmund Arrowsmith, and then returned to Lancashire to die.

His widow Margery was glad to put Bryan out to place with a good priest, who in return for his services undertook to teach him his grammar. His previous village schooling had had the effect of making him "blunt-witted and dull." But when in 1605 he was sent across the seas to the venerable College of Douay, his wits began to sharpen, and though he seemed to give small attention to his books, he always got the first place when asked his lessons. Bryan at Confirmation took the name of his uncle—Edmund—a name which had just won a fresh lustre from Campion's martyrdom, and by it he was ever afterwards called. He was a delicate boy, and had to be sent home before long; but his good master when he grew better assisted him out again. On his return he set to work so earnestly, now that he had taken the college oath, and been admitted as an alumnus, that his health began again to fail, and the time of his orders had to be anticipated. He was ordained priest on Decem-

ber 9th, 1612, and the new President, Dr. Kellison, sent him on the following June to labour in the English vineyard.

Edmund was in person small and rather uncouth, but he was of a bright and pleasant disposition, and very attractive in conversation. He did not spare his fun when he met with travellers on the road, and his companions had to restrain him, when he saw ministers riding by on their sleek steeds, from following his strong impulse to enter into dispute with them. A gentleman who came up with him one day began to play the fool with the simple, uneducated yokel, as Edmund Arrowsmith looked to be, but he met with such clever rejoinders, and found the tables so thoroughly turned upon him, that "swearing a great oath, he said, 'I thought that I had met with a foolish fellow, but now I see he is either a foolish scholar or a learned fool.'" For some ten years Edmund laboured hard in God's field, when he was arrested. The wonder was that this came so late, so boldly imprudent and ardently zealous he always was. When lodged in Lancaster gaol, Edmund Arrowsmith was brought before Dr. Bridgeman, the Protestant Bishop of Chester. His lordship was at supper with a number of his clergy, and though it was Lent, all were eating meat. Edmund Arrowsmith seized the opportunity for argument, and soon a hot discussion arose. "Turn all your dogs loose at once against me," he merrily said to the Bishop, "and let us have a loose bait." It seems he had the better of his adversaries, and silenced them by his learned references to history and authority. But it was probably in 1622, at the time of the proposed Spanish match, and he was shortly after released from prison.

Ever since he had made a retreat, at the close of his philosophy, Edmund had felt a call from God to enter religion, and to become a child of St. Ignatius, through whose Exercises this call had come. To enter a novitiate was no easy matter in those days, though there was one, and no small one, within the sound of Bow Bells; and in the register of the Jesuit novitiate-house at Clerkenwell, Edmund's name was found inscribed as a novice when, some three years later, the place was broken into and all the documents and books were seized.

But we do not know that Father Arrowsmith was ever there. When at last his desire was fulfilled, he withdrew for two or three months to Essex, during which time, no doubt, he went through the thirty days' retreat which forms so impor-

tant a part of a Jesuit's training, and learned the rules and constitutions of his order. Perhaps he went for a brief space to Clerkenwell, and there took his first vows, and then returned to the dangers of the battle field. This was in 1624. Each year he retired for ten or twelve days to a quiet out of the way spot in Lancashire, to spend the time with others of his religious brethren in prayer and meditation, and to renew his pledge of self-consecration to God's greater glory.

A Mr. Holden in Lancashire had married his first cousin, a Protestant, before a minister. He applied to the father for a dispensation; but when it was obtained, Father Edmund insisted on a separation for a full fortnight before it should be finally granted to them. Though the woman was then a convert, both she and Holden became furious, and in their anger denounced the Jesuit to a Justice of the Peace, telling him at what time Father Arrowsmith could be found at the house of Holden's father. Recusants in Lancashire were as sturdy as they were numerous, and pursuivants often got a good beating for their trouble, and we read of one who had to eat his warrant. So the Justice was loath to go, and when pressed by the malicious traitors, he warned the old man that he was coming, and of course the priest was off when the searchers arrived. This was in the summer of 1628. As they returned they fell in with Father Arrowsmith himself, who was riding along on a good horse with a relative of his, who was dressed as his servant. The Justice's servant rushed at him with drawn sword, and Father Arrowsmith put spurs to his horse, but in vain. He got into a bog, and had to dismount and fly; but he carried so heavy a weight of books and luggage—no doubt his vestments and books of devotion—that he could get on but slowly, and his pursuer came up to him near a ditch and struck at him with his sword. Though Edmund also carried a sword, he did not draw it, but parried the blow with a strong stick which he held, and it was cut right in two close to his hand. He seems to have thought his adversary a common footpad, and made off again. But at last he was overtaken, dragged to a public house, searched to the skin, and subjected to every infamy. There his captors began drinking at his expense, and the saintly priest had to listen to the loose talk of the half-drunken crew. His words of grave reproof were afterwards made matter of accusation.

Before long Father Arrowsmith was lodged by the pursui-

vants in his old quarters in Lancaster gaol. The oath of supremacy was tendered to him, and of course refused, and he was committed by the magistrate to take his trial at the next assizes, which were then close at hand. The judges on the circuit were Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir James Whitelock.

Sir Henry was a staunch puritan, and to his zeal against Popery was added the personal motive, that before coming down from London he had been told to his face he durst not hang a priest. The Commons, angry at the levity of King Charles, and to show their displeasure at his Catholic Queen, had insisted on a rigorous enforcement of the brutal laws which the Government would gladly have left in abeyance.

Religious hate, wounded vanity, and popular fury left little chance of impartial justice holding her own. The very day after his arrival, on August 26, Judge Yelverton summoned Father Arrowsmith to the bar, and there he stood amidst a crowd of thieves and felons, whose rough hearts he had won by his gentle manners and earnest words.

"Sirrah!" said the Judge, going directly to the chief accusation against the prisoner, "are you a priest?" The Father made the sign of the Cross and twice replied, "I would I were!" The proscribed priest held the lives of all who had sheltered him in his hands. To own his sacred character was to bring ruin on his hosts. "Yes," argued Sir Henry, "though he is not, yet he desires to be a traitor; this fact makes him guilty. But are you no priest?" Father Arrowsmith gave no answer. "You may easily see," said the Judge, turning to the jury, "he is a priest. I warrant you he would not for all England deny his order." A parson-magistrate was sitting on the Bench, who perhaps had met the prisoner at the famous supper with my Lord of Chester, and he whispered something into the Judge's ear and then began to inveigh against Father Arrowsmith as a seducer, who if order was not taken would convert half Lancashire. Did the Father recollect the face of his assailant? At all events he gladly offered, before the whole court, to defend his faith against all comers. Of this the Judge would not hear, saying Father Arrowsmith only wanted to let people of his own way of thinking hear him talk. "I will not only defend it by words, but would gladly seal it with my blood," was the martyr's reply. Sir Henry was lashed into a fury. "You shall seal it with your blood," and he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the town before the prisoner

was hung, and his bowels burnt before his face. "You shall die," he said again and again. "And you, my lord, must die," was Father Arrowsmith's calm retort.

Every means failed the Judge to extort from the prisoner his own conviction. "If any man can lawfully accuse me, I stand here ready to answer him." The married couple seem to have repented of their treacherous betrayal, for no witness was forthcoming save the son and the servant of the magistrate by whom the martyr had been arrested. The letter written by Holden and his mother, or his wife's mother, to the Justice of the Peace, in the first instance, was also produced. The two witnesses both swore that Father Edmund had tried to pervert them from the faith by law established, and the martyr answered by telling the disgraceful story of his arrest, which has been narrated above.

This was an unpleasant statement for the magistrate who was present, and he openly begged that no favour should be shown the prisoner lest, were he acquitted, he should do his worship some mischief. Father Arrowsmith could not help smiling at the Justice's fears, and this raised again the anger of the Judge, who abused him for laughing and flouting at those who sat there in the King's name. Father Edmund could not bear any reproof against a loyalty which his brethren were soon to prove at Naseby and Worcester, and throwing himself upon his knees he prayed aloud for his Majesty, the Bench, and all there present, begging God to confound all heresy and make them all of one heart and one faith. "Look you, gentlemen of the jury," was the Judge's answer, "how he wishes God to confound us all and root out heresy, by which he means our religion."

It is no pleasant thought for an Englishman to recall such a trial as this, where the Judge was accuser and cross-questioner at once, and where he openly pronounced his sentence once and again long before the jury had given their verdict. Sir Henry, with no more evidence than has been told, then charged the jury, using his eloquence to crush out any lingering remnants of fairness that hatred of Popery might have left in their minds. The Court went to dinner while the jury retired for the verdict, and Father Edmund, who was suffering acutely from toothache, gladly accepted the rest this procured him. He did not, doubtless, wish to meet his sentence with even the appearance of sadness.

When the Court reassembled, the jury appeared and gave their verdict of "Guilty of high treason." Father Arrowsmith's only answer to the usual question of the Court was silently to lift up his eyes and hands to heaven while the brutal sentence was delivered by the Judge, who added of his own to the revolting language of the law—"Know shortly thou shalt die aloft, between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either; and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers. I would that all the priests in England might undergo the same sentence!"

The long wished for crown was won, the one desire of the Seminarist, the Missioner, the Jesuit. Father Arrowsmith sank on his knees and, with bowed down head, *Deo gratias!* burst from his lips. And then he repeated this thanksgiving in English, that all might know his joy. The ferocious Judge sent the sheriff to bid the gaoler to load him with the heaviest fetters he could get and to shut him up alone and in a dark dungeon. The gaoler, who seems to have had a kind heart, said there was no cell of the sort, and the answer he received was to put him into the worst that he had. Father Edmund could hardly walk with the weight of iron at his ankles, the "Widow's Mite," so these shackles were called, and had almost to be carried to a den so narrow that no one could lie down at full length therein, and into which hardly a ray of light could enter. As he was borne along he recited in a clear, loud voice the *Miserere* psalm. Guards were kept at the door, and not a soul was allowed to enter his prison, under a penalty of £100, save Justice Lee, who came to accept in private the challenge which Father Arrowsmith had offered him before the Court. But Edmund knew how once before a minister had boasted falsely of a controversial victory, gained under like odds, or rather not gained at all, by the same divine over a Catholic gentleman in prison. He simply declined the offer, and Mr. Lee went off boasting, much as Casaubon boasted against Baronius, that his adversary was a weak, silly fellow, and not conversant with Greek. He had not, however, liked the hideous gloom in which his enemy was fettered, and called loudly for a candle, "lest that traitor should desperately mischief me in the dark."

There Edmund lay, with nothing but his martyr's reward to cheer him, from two o'clock on Tuesday till mid-day on Thursday, hardly any, if any, food or drink being allowed to pass his lips. Good people hoped that King Charles would send a royal pardon. But his Majesty was too busy with his

rebellious Commoners and their petition of rights. Yet unexpected hindrances arose. The whole trial had been so entirely against the forms of law, that when Yelverton had drawn up the sheriff's warrant and sent it to his brother Whitelock to sign, that prudent Judge said Yelverton had better sign it himself first; nor would Whitelock even then have anything to do with it, but warned Sir Henry it would bring him into trouble.¹ However, by dint of altering some words and warning the officer to conceal the illegalities, that difficulty was got over.

But no one would serve as executioner. A butcher offered, for £5, to send his man, but the servant took to his heels and he never saw him more. A promise of life was offered to any felon if he would take the office, but all refused the bribe, till a deserter, whom Father Edmund had saved from starvation when in prison, offered for 40s. to do the deed. He had to be protected from his fellows lest they should handle him roughly. The judge, anxious to see the death of his victim, contrary to custom, ordered that the execution should take place at an earlier date than the day that had been originally fixed.

Sir Henry seems to have wished the martyrdom to have been as private as possible, and ordered it at mid-day, when the Lancaster folks would be at dinner. It was at eight in the morning of August the 28th, when the sheriff came to tell the martyr that he must die that day. "I beseech my Saviour to make me worthy of it," was his reply.

There was another priest in the prison at the time, one John Southworth, whose crown had been delayed, but not taken away; for seven years later he was found working side by side with the future martyr, Father Henry Morse of the Society of Jesus, during an outburst of the plague in London, and twenty-nine years after, in 1654, he died at Tyburn, when Cromwell was practically ruler of England. At the time of Father Edmund's condemnation, John Southworth stood reprieved, and they had arranged together that he should give absolution to his brother-priest before his death. But the guards and the bolts had hindered all possibility of this, till, crossing the castle yard, Father Arrowsmith looked round for his last chance, and saw his friend standing and looking at him from a large window above. He raised his hands—the signal which had

¹ "It would cost Yelverton £500" were his exact words; probably alluding to some fine to which the judge had subjected himself.

been agreed upon—received his last absolution, and passed out joyfully into the open street. A dense multitude was there awaiting him. As the gaoler was handing his prisoner over to the sheriff, a Catholic gentleman burst from the crowd, and reverently embraced him, kissing tenderly the marks of the wounds he had received in his capture.

Father Arrowsmith was tied down on the hurdle, with his head, out of scorn, towards the horses' tails, and so along this *Via Dolorosa* he was dragged, the javelin-men marching beside him to keep the Catholics from the martyr. Before him strutted the executioner, bearing a big club, while Protestant ministers intruded their polemics on the few minutes left the Father to prepare for death. Father Arrowsmith had written out on a sheet of paper acts of love of God and of contrition, under the title of "Two Keys of Heaven," and holding them in his hands, he kept his eyes and his heart fixed upon them. He feared, no doubt, lest the natural terror of the moment, the noise of the crowd, the wearisome interruptions of the preachers should prevent his soul and thoughts from adhering to His Lord and God.

The journey was a short one, and at a quarter of a mile from the prison the gibbet was reached. The unwearying Mr. Justice Lee was at Father Edmund's side, and called his attention to the fire whose flames roared over the cauldron, to the knife and the block, and the massive gallows and the rope. "Look you, Master Rigby," the name by which the martyr was known, "see what is prepared for your torment and death unless you are ready to conform to the laws and accept the King's mercy." It was a sight to make the heart sick, and Father Edmund did not need a further tempter. "Good sir," he said, smiling, "tempt me no more. The mercy which I look for is in heaven, through the death and Passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I most humbly beseech Him to make me worthy of His death."

No sooner was the martyr freed from his rough hurdle than he knelt down under the shadow of the gibbet and offered his life to the King of Martyrs in satisfaction for his sins. The parson was at his elbow to criticize his last prayer. "You attribute nothing to Christ's merits and Passion." "O sir, say not so! Christ's merits are always presupposed." And so for a quarter of an hour he continued praying aloud so that every word was noted by loving ears, and was exposed to

the cavils of the unrelenting ministers. At last the sheriff bade him to make haste. "God's will be done," he said as he sprang to his feet, kissed reverently the ladder, and then began to mount it, begging all good Catholics as he went up to join their prayers to his. Lee assured him there were none present, and offered himself to pray with him. "I neither wish for your prayers, nor will I pray with you," answered Father Edmund, "I will have nothing to do with you, and if what you say be true that there are no Catholics here, I wish to die as many deaths as here are people, on condition that they were all Catholics." He paused on his ascent to pray for King Charles and his realm, and especially for his persecutors, expressing freely his pardon for them, and begging pardon of any he might have wronged.

Not daring to show himself on the spot, but still unwilling to miss the cruel sight, Judge Yelverton had taken a place at a window whence by help of glasses he could see everything that passed, and there he swore he would remain till he had witnessed the end of his victim. The martyr's prayer went up for him, but the grace, if given, fell on too hard a soil.

Father Edmund had got high up on the ladder, and then he turned round to say his last words to the great crowd around and beneath him—"Bear witness you, who are come to see my end, that I die a steadfast Roman Catholic; and for Jesus Christ's sake, let not my death be a hindrance to your well-doing, and going forward in the Catholic religion, but rather may it encourage you thereto. For Jesus Christ's sake have a care of your souls, than which nothing is more precious; and become members of the true Church, as you tender your salvation, for hereafter that alone will do you good. I beseech you request my brethren, for His sake Who redeemed us all, to be careful to supply my want and insufficiency, as I hope they will. Nothing grieves me so much as this England, which I pray God soon to convert."

He held a paper, the same, no doubt, that he had brought with him, and read some prayers from it, and then, with the rope round his neck, and the cap drawn down over his face, he waited for his death. "Pray, sir," cried the unwearying tempter, "accept the King's mercy. Take the oath of allegiance and your life shall be granted. Good sir, accept your life. I desire you to live. See, here is one come from the Judge to offer you mercy. You may live if you will conform to the

Protestant religion." It was the full explanation of the sentence of high treason—it was the writing plain for all to see, that Edmund was there to die only for his faith. He lifted up his cap and sternly told Lee, "O sir, how far I am from that! tempt me no more, I am a dying man." And as he went on to exhort the sheriff and all around him to embrace the one true faith, the people at a distance began to cry out the cry of Calvary, "No more of that, no more of that. Away with him, away with him." Once more Father Arrowsmith covered his face; "Bone Jesu," came from his lips; the ladder turned, the body fell, and in a moment the revolting butchery began. The blood that spurted out at the quartering was carefully scraped up and thrown into the fire. The severed head was placed on the castle towers, and the quarters were carried from the cauldron to be viewed by the inhuman judge. A present of two stags had just been brought in, and the English gentleman and the guardian of his country's laws placed it side by side with the martyr's remains, and cracked his jokes at the comparison.

The quarters were hung up at the castle, and when next day Sir Henry left the town, and looked back to take a last view of them, the head was not visible enough, and his last orders were that it should be raised some six yards higher on the battlements.

The very next January, Sir Henry Yelverton was at table at his house, in Aldersgate Street, London, when he felt as if a heavy blow had been struck him on the head: he turned in a fury on his servant, and while the man was protesting that neither he nor any one else had touched him, the Judge felt a second stroke. He was carried to his bed, and died in great excitement the next morning, crying out, "That dog Arrowsmith has killed me."

The Catholics succeeded in securing some relics of Edmund Arrowsmith. His clothes were obtained by a priest of the name of Leigh, and they and the executioner's knife were deposited in the safe keeping of Sir Cuthbert Clifton. Portions of his body were got from the keeper of Lancaster Castle. Rumours went abroad that the father of the martyr-priest Southworth, then in Lancaster Castle, had seen just at the moment of Father Arrowsmith's death, "a most resplendent brightness, such a one as in all his life he never saw before, which did show itself from the prison unto the gallows, as if

it had been a glistening glow, the sun at that time being obscured with clouds, and the most part of that day likewise." A little Catholic girl, whose father and mother lived in the same part of the castle as Father Arrowsmith, had stood by him as he was laid on the hurdle, and he asked her by her name whether she wanted anything of him. She said, brave soul, she only wished for his company, and so he told her she must keep firm to her faith, and she would certainly be for ever blessed in heaven. That night, Margery was sleeping in a room with one of the keeper's wives, and suddenly the woman heard her cry out, "Lord! Mr. Rigby,¹ what a stately place is this where you now live, which is so bright, composed of silver and gold; would God I might remain with you, for methinks the place is most sweet, like flowers or perfumes!" Margery did not recollect next morning that she had had a dream, but her sleeping words were not forgotten.

In the church of St. Oswald's, at Ashton, the wonder working hand of the brave martyr reposes in a silver shrine. It is dried, but perfect, except where the piety of the faithful have carried off portions of it as relics.

F. G.

¹ Father Arrowsmith's *alias*.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Glories of the Sacred Heart.* By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Burns and Oates, 1876.

OUR readers will remember the silly attack—we can use no other epithet—made upon Cardinal Manning some years ago, at the time of the Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, by a writer in an Anglican newspaper on the subject of the theology of the Incarnation. Of all the amusing phases which are presented from time to time by members of the High Church school in the Establishment, perhaps the most amusing of all is that in which they play at theology or at asceticism, not only showing off their own awkwardness and ignorance, but moreover setting right Catholic authors, and laying down the law on subjects as to which they have not yet learnt even their alphabet.

The calm and clear statements which this outbreak of foolishness elicited from the Archbishop forms a sort of Introduction to the volume before us, the body of which consists of Sermons preached at various times. It is beyond our province to criticize his Eminence, and we can only express our great thankfulness at the appearance of a work which seems likely to promote so efficaciously this great Devotion of the Catholic Church in our time. The titles of the Sermons are the following: "The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart," "The Sacred Heart God's way of Love," "Dogma the source of Devotion," "The Science of the Sacred Heart," "The last will of the Sacred Heart," "The Temporal Glory," and "The Transforming Power of the Sacred Heart," "The sure way of likeness to the Sacred Heart," "The Signs of the Sacred Heart," and the "Eternal Glory of the Sacred Heart."

The extract which we here give is not taken from the more eloquent portions of this beautiful volume. But it is a specimen of the practical teaching of which it contains so much. It is from the Sermon on "The ways of Likeness to the Sacred Heart."

The third way is to avoid the occasions of sin. We must therefore understand exactly what the occasions of sin are. The Tempter covers the whole face of the earth with all manner of snares. He spreads his nets in every path of life. The world, too, covers itself over with toils. There are temptations of various kinds, in all manner of unlawful, forbidden, and evil things. But these are not the occasions of sin of which I speak. Every temptation, indeed, is an occasion of sin; but the occasions of sin of which I am speaking are not always temptations to things that are evil. An

innocent conscience will at once start back from such temptations. An innocent person, who lives in the fear of God, having the spirit of piety in him, if he be tempted to any action visibly and sensibly evil, would be shocked and start aside. The Tempter often defeats himself, and temptations become warnings to awaken the conscience; but an occasion of sin means something which is lawful, innocent, and harmless in itself, but nevertheless may, by some circumstance, either in others or in ourselves, be an occasion of falling. Let us take an example. It is lawful for us to use food and drink; and yet food may be the occasion of delicacy, indulgence, pampering of the body, and thus may be made the occasion of gluttony; and gluttony is one of the seven capital sins. Drink also is lawful, but drink may be intoxicating. Like poison, it may be lawfully taken, but not in a measure to destroy life or reason or moral sense. It becomes unlawful if the measure of it be unlawful. No man may take poison and destroy his life, and no man may take intoxicating drink and destroy his brain. He may take poison to allay pain, and he may take intoxicating drink if he believes that it sustains his strength. Many physicians do not believe it, but others do; and while physicians debate, men will choose what they like best. But if a man abuses it, I say more, if women abuse it,—if the refined, from want of watchfulness over their habits, from an indulgence of their palate, or for the purpose of stimulating a languid and wearied frame, worn out by the excitements of society, or to keep up the flagging animal spirits after long hours of senseless talk and depressing waste of life; if they form the secret habit of taking wine and intoxicating drink unknown to any one but God—and this stealthy habit is formed, I am sorry to say, every day by the refined and the delicate, whom the world never suspects—then this fatal abuse may become a bondage from which they may never be freed, and in which at last, in a miserable unconsciousness, they die. Do not think that I am saying these things for the mere purpose of rhetorical effect. I have seen these wrecks, I have stood by them, I have watched them as they have settled down. I have seen strong drink mastering the conscience and the will as the sea encroaches on the shore, until there was no help and no hope left. This is what I call an occasion of sin—a lawful thing abused. I might take many other examples. I will only take one more: I mean friendships. Nothing can be more lawful, nothing can be more innocent, nothing can be more helpful, if the friendship be good: nothing can be more dangerous, nothing more insidious, nothing more corrupting, if the friendship be evil. A bad book is a great evil, but a bad friend is worse. The whisper of a bad friend at the ear of an unwary soul is the most dangerous of all occasions. Friendship has a power of assimilation. A bad friend may change you into his own likeness. I say, then, that the avoiding the occasion of sin, watchfulness over what we do, where we go, what habits we form, what friendships we make, in what measure we indulge ourselves in the things that are lawful—is one of the surest means of conformity to the Sacred Heart.

And here let me say one word to fathers and mothers. You are not conscious of the harm that you do, or allow to be done, to your children, by taking them into the midst of pleasures, the very sounds and sights of which you know to have a taint upon them. You say that you believe your children are too young to be hurt. Believe it not. Sometimes a silent child sits in the midst of grown people, while their tongues are going, without bridle or caution, of matters which they think the child cannot understand; but that young intelligence drinks in every word; and though the conceptions formed may not be of the same experienced accuracy as in those who speak, they are abundantly sufficient to sow the seeds of evil in the soul, to awaken dangerous curiosities which taint it, and come out fatally some day in after life. I have sometimes listened in amazement at the unguarded license of speech, the surpassing imprudence, with which grown people will speak in the presence of the young. These young ears are quick to hear, and these young hearts are quick to understand, beyond all that you can conceive. There is an old saying, even of the heathen, that "great reverence is due to

a boy." The actions, the examples, the words, the conduct of grown people in the presence even of little children, ought to be under a great restraint. You will remember the words of our Lord: Woe to him that shall cause to offend one of these little ones. "It were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck, and that he were cast into the sea."¹ And again He said, "Their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven."² These silent children have guardian angels, who are looking up into the face of God, and looking down in wonder upon you if, through your imprudence, you either act or speak unwisely in their presence. And once more. I have no doubt the fathers and mothers who hear me have had among their children some one whom they have thought precocious; and it is a common saying, "Such a child, I believe, will not be long in this world; he seems not fit for it; he is always talking of God; he has always in his mouth the name of our Lord; he seems to have a sort of affinity to things of the world to come; he is not long for this life." Now do you believe that this early ripeness is something morbid or exceptional? Not at all. It is the state in which all baptized children might be, if you were faithful and watchful in training them for God. I do not say every baptized child would be in this state, but I say might be. I cannot doubt that you yourselves have known what you would call examples of early piety, of habitual consciousness of the Divine Presence, of ardent love for holy things, of vivid perception of the love and the Passion of our Divine Lord—of heartfelt sympathy with everything that relates to His Person—far beyond all you have in yourselves. What does it come from? It comes from the grace of their Baptism, which continually expands within them, if only the scenes that are round about them, the atmosphere of their homes, the influence of your lives, the occasions of sin, shall not taint or suppress the growth of their spiritual life.

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2. *Do they well to be angry?* A Second Letter to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. By Presbyter Anglicanus. Baltz, 1876.

A dawn of light is breaking in upon the clergy of the Anglican Establishment. One at least, if not more, is awakening to the fact of its Erastian character, and beginning to confess that after all it is only the creature of the State.

Notwithstanding the repudiation of his proposal by a large number of Ritualists, the appearance of the two letters of "Presbyter Anglicanus" is not without importance. Whether he stands alone or not, the view he takes of the Anglican position brings into prominence facts and principles which cannot be too often insisted on; and it is a gain to have them dwelt upon by a writer within the pale of the Establishment, from whose pen they may reach the eyes of persons, who would never see them, or pay little regard to them, when issuing from a Catholic source.

Whether anything or nothing comes of the "Presbyter's" proposal, it should certainly be greeted on the Catholic side with sympathy and kindness, especially on account of the spirit of submission with which it is made, and of faith in the Divine mission of the Church. Every effort made for "the reclamation of the masses to Catholic unity" may be welcomed in the spirit in which it is attempted, and if there

¹ St. Matt. xviii. 6.

² St. Matt. xviii. 10.

are any concessions that are likely to advance so great a work, and that could be legitimately granted, the authorities of the Catholic Church would no doubt be willing to consider them.

But whether the scheme suggested would be likely to answer that end is open to grave question. The "Presbyter" seems to suppose that by forming Uniat congregations, the difficulty of individual submission would be removed. The sacraments, however, cannot reach a multitude *in globo*, and in whatever form the reconciliation is effected, individuals can only obtain the benefit of it each by his own act. In the case of the Armenians and Maronites, when they had renounced their heresy, little more was needed than to see that their ancient rites were preserved in their integrity, but even then an assent would have been required from every member of those bodies. Cardinal Pole's reconciliation of this kingdom was a different affair. The public act of reconciliation was only the solemn promulgation of the return of the nation to its ancient faith in presence of the estates of the realm. There was nothing in that ceremony to touch the *status* of any individual even as to external censures. Numbers, even of those present, had made their individual submission and had been privately reconciled, before this public act took place. And if the submission had been deferred, everyone, whether cleric or layman, whether male or female, had then to present himself as a penitent, and after being absolved in the external forum, to make his sacramental confession to an approved priest. The censures incurred, the dispensations required, were considered and dealt with separately in each case.

We are entitled to ask, whether the "Presbyter" has thought over the practical details involved in his scheme? What is the Uniat Church to be? Of course the Thirty-Nine Articles must drop out of sight, and equally of course the Book of Common Prayer must be given up. No one professing to receive the Catholic faith would wish to retain the mutilated forms tinged with heresy of that unfortunate compilation. Is there then a desire for a revival of the Sarum rite? The Holy See has indeed allowed a peculiar rite, when it has been in constant use for two hundred years, but the Sarum rite was cast away as an unclean thing three hundred years ago. What claim could now be made to revive it? Besides the Roman rite is far to be preferred. In suggesting then that the Uniat Church should be permitted to celebrate the offices of the Church in the vulgar tongue, would the "Presbyter" desire to have a version of the Roman Missal and Breviary in the vernacular? Here would be a great difficulty—for the Mass to be celebrated in English in Uniat churches, while the Latin is preserved in other congregations of Catholics.

But supposing this difficulty to be got over, another follows immediately. Who are to be the priests of these Uniat congregations? Are they to be Anglican clergymen, reconciled and admitted in their Orders, and permitted to celebrate in the Uniat rite? If the validity of the Orders were admitted, it may be asked, *Cui bono?* Inquiry

must be made into the manner each had had his Orders conferred upon him, and dispensation granted accordingly. Some examination would also be needed as to the fitness of each for the duties of a priest, and a course of theological instruction would be required. Who is to take care of the congregation in the meantime? Possibly, when the Uniat priest returned to his new position, he might find that his congregation had become Catholics in earnest. With so much to go through, would it not be better to solve all doubts by receiving Catholic Orders out and out?

But another difficulty remains behind. If Anglican ministers are to be admitted to the exercise of their Orders, is such a rule to extend to those who are married? Many reasons suggest themselves against permitting such a relaxation, and especially that it would be the introduction of two different rules of discipline in one and the same country, and among people speaking the same language.

Suppose, however, that an Uniat congregation was actually brought into working order. Under what rules is it to be established? A difference of rite must produce a line of separation, such as there is at present between Latin Christians and Catholics of the Oriental rites. A Catholic of the Latin rite cannot receive the Sacraments from a Greek priest. Some rules would be necessary, such as, that Catholics of the Roman rite should not hear Mass or receive the Sacraments in Uniat churches, and *vice versâ*. Thus there would be two Catholic communions in the country, separated from each other, and this would be a most undesirable result. The Uniat Catholics would be looked upon as half Catholics, and, in fact, they never could imbibe the true Catholic spirit and instinct without mixing with those who have been brought up in the true faith all their lives. The isolation in which they would find themselves would be as painfully felt as if they were still in the Anglican communion. And suppose that an Uniat Catholic wished and could be allowed to enter the communion of the other rite, such a step would rouse the same sort of jealousy and heart-burning, as is so often evinced in the case of a convert from Anglicanism.

Now what are the reasons alleged in favour of such a grotesque formation? First, that Anglican clergymen cannot bring themselves to repudiate their Orders. Secondly, that they think it wrong to desert their congregations. Thirdly, that they have so many associations connected with the Church of England, that they cannot give it up as absolutely cut off from the Mystical Body of Christ.

As to the first reason, "Presbyter Anglicanus" himself has suggested that "the Anglican clergy who desire to be incorporated into such a Uniat church must be conditionally reordained." The rule of the Church at present is, that Anglican clergy who desire to become priests should be ordained without any condition. But their taking this step does not necessarily imply that they repudiate their former Orders. There is nothing to prevent them, though receiving Orders in the usual form at the hands of a Catholic Bishop, from considering the

ordination as conditional. They do not profess and are not bound to believe that their former ordination was invalid.

In reply to the second reason, the fear of deserting those "whom they have trained in Catholic doctrine,"—a person in such circumstances, in considering the course he ought to take, should be guided solely by the thought of what may be his own duty in making profession of the faith, and should leave the consequences to Almighty God. There is a very subtle temptation arising from what is supposed to be "a position of usefulness, or "a duty to those over whom God has permitted one to wield an influence"—a temptation leading a person to think himself necessary to the work that Almighty God designs. Supposing any one surrounded by persons whom he has been instructing for many years—could he be more sure of their following him to join an Uniat Church than of their being received into the Catholic Church after his example?

And lastly, as to the Anglican Church—from which they find it to be a very rending of the fibres of the heart to dis sever themselves. It is easy to understand that the last and hardest struggle to be encountered is to part from that—call it a system, or an institution, or by any other name—which seems, under God, to have been the means of every good that one can call to mind. And Catholics will willingly allow that there is a different *ἥθος* among members of the Establishment from that of any of the other sects that have sprung up around it. The old churches and cathedrals, the creeds, the remains of the Catholic rite, and the vestiges of Catholic tradition, making themselves felt here and there, have been a preparation for the Catholic faith, and have produced a disposition more akin to the Catholic spirit than comes from any other quarter. And when such associations are gathered together under the name of a "Church," and impersonated in George Herbert's or Mr. Keble's poetry, and hallowed by memories of all that is most sacred and most dear, persons brought up in it from childhood, without exercise of their own choice, may well be excused for clinging with veneration to the image they have created in their minds. Nor is it possible to say how far baptismal grace may not sometimes have been preserved, or that there may not be stirrings of grace in their hearts, although such as ought rather to lead them on to the true faith, than form an excuse for keeping them where they are.

But now having allowed so much, we may ask, what is the Church of England, that such persons profess to hold in veneration? Is it that the Establishment of the present day is supposed to be the representative of the ancient Church anterior to the Reformation? If such an idea enters into the motives that suggest the formation of an Uniat Church, it would be hard for Catholics to allow of any measure that would countenance such a supposition. Catholics cannot regard the Anglican Establishment in any other light than as the instrument of the desolating heresy that has overspread the land, and as having hounded

on the persecution through which our priests and other faithful were cruelly murdered, and sufferings beyond number inflicted on our whole body. Surely we Catholics may exclaim with Elias, "I have been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thy altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword." And if an answer comes, that there are "seven thousand left whose knees have not been bowed before Baal," it is that little remnant and their successors who are the true representatives of the ancient English Church. Catholics would be very averse to anything that could imply a slur on the witness to the truth borne by their forefathers for so many years through blood and fire, from the dungeon and the rack, and by patiently taking the spoiling of their goods; or that might call in question the historical fact of there having always been a few who remained constant to the Faith.

Again, then, we have to ask, what is the so-called Church of England? Is there any system whatever in actual existence which claims allegiance from the conscience of any one under the name of "the Church of England?" The Book of Common Prayer is its authorized exponent, yet from one end to the other there is no claim in it to an authority that may bind the conscience. The Thirty-nine Articles are not to be publicly contradicted, but do not profess to require any interior assent. Even the reception of the Three Creeds is based on grounds of private judgment, because "they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." The rubrics and ceremonies are only for maintenance of a "common order and discipline." The daily use of the Common Prayer, the observance of fasting and abstinence, are left to every one's discretion. There is a rule that "every parishioner shall communicate at least three times in the year;" but too many proofs abound, that an exterior compliance only is sufficient to satisfy the rubric. A Catholic is taught that he is bound in conscience to believe all that the Church teaches, and to practise what she commands. But the Anglican Establishment does not profess to teach or command anything that its members are bound in conscience by its voice to believe or to do. Can there be any allegiance due in conscience to a system that does not ask or demand an interior conviction? that does not profess to guide the faith or direct the conscience?

The "Presbyter" would have us believe that the Established Church has within the last few years undergone a change. But it may be asked in reply, whether recent Acts of Parliament are more than a legitimate development of the Acts of 1559? And whether the Judicial Committee or Lord Penzance's tribunal are in any degree worse than the High Commission which for so many years tyrannized over the country with the willing cooperation of Anglican bishops?

He also appears to consider that the foundation of a bishopric of St. Alban's by Act of Parliament is an unprecedented measure, because the details of the new diocese and the jurisdiction of the bishop are to be appointed by the Queen by Order in Council. Is this proceeding in

any way different from the foundation of the bishoprics of Manchester and Ripon? The boundaries of almost every diocese have been changed of late years either by Act of Parliament or by Order in Council. Archbishop Parker did homage to Queen Elizabeth for his spiritualities as well as his temporalities. And the present Archbishop of Canterbury derives his jurisdiction from no other source than the future Bishop of St. Alban's will have to look to for "all his rights, privileges, and jurisdictions."

If newly occurring facts are forcing upon the minds of any persons within the Anglican communion the truth of the allegations so constantly maintained on our side, Catholics must look on with interest; but it will be with the hope and the prayer that the light breaking in upon their souls may chase away the clouds that still overshadow them, and may lead them to count all as loss that they have hitherto esteemed, so that they may win Christ, and embrace the one true Faith with a full, entire, and unreserved submission.

3. *The First Catholic Version of the New Testament in the Gaelic Language.*
A. King and Co., Printers, Aberdeen, 1875.

It must ever be a source of great joy to every faithful child of the Church, to witness the loyalty with which Catholic literature is being cultivated every day more and more in every land and among all nations. Nor do the Catholic clergy of the Highlands of Scotland seem willing to be behindhand in this respect. We have now before us the first Catholic translation into Gaelic of the New Testament. This excellent work was first begun by the late Rev. Eobham Mac Eachen, a native of Arisaig, and a quondam professor in the Highland Catholic Seminary of Lismore, in Argyleshire. This admirable priest has conferred great benefits, especially on the Highland portion of the Scottish Catholics, by the numerous works which he published. Being an excellent Gaelic scholar, and always particularly fond of study, he employed all the time he could spare from his other avocations in translating into Gaelic several works of piety and religious instruction for the use of Catholics in the Highlands who did not understand English. He had published in all six excellent works, including the *Following of Christ* and the *Spiritual Combat*; and lastly, he left in manuscript Challoner's *Meditations* and the book which we are reviewing, which the Rev. Colin Grant, the present missionary at Eskadale, in Strathglass, has now published. Mr. Grant is entitled to no small degree of praise for the zeal he has brought to the execution of this task of love. This version will supply a want which has been much felt by all the Highland Catholics. Nor can this be deemed a matter of little moment by any one who reflects how necessary it is that each nation should have the sacred text in its own tongue. The translator whose version we are reviewing appositely enforces the evident truth of this remark by no less a sanction than that of Pope Pius the Seventh, who in a letter to the Most Rev. Anthony Martini, Archbishop of Florence,

thanks and congratulates his Grace for the good he has rendered the Church in giving to his fellow-countrymen a faithful version of the sacred text, and also for his explanatory notes on the more difficult passages. This too Mr. Grant has done in the most able and scholarly manner.

The present translation will be, no doubt, very warmly welcomed by all the Highland priests; for it will now free them from that (to them) unpleasant extempore translation which they were always compelled to use in reading to the people the Epistles and Gospels appointed for every Sunday of the year.

As regards the scholarship that has been devoted to this work in rendering it a faithful and accurate translation of the sacred text, we can say that it equals the best works in the Gaelic language, while it surpasses the Protestant version of the Bible, which is by no means a fair specimen of the Gaelic of Scotland; and this has been acknowledged by the best scholars even among Protestants themselves. Idioms are to be found in it that are far from being Scottish, but simply as Irish as they were the day when the Irish characters deservedly received their dismissal. So that it would be true to say that the Protestant Bible in the Irish Highlands is entirely Irish minus the characters and the orthodoxy of which it is absolutely devoid.¹ Mr. Munro, one of the best Gaelic scholars the Highlands ever produced, himself the author of several books in the language, and among others of an exceptionally excellent grammar, though a Presbyterian, bitterly deplores the unscholarlike solecisms in the Protestant translation of the sacred text into that language; and after quoting a vast number of passages that could not bear analysis, he goes on to say: "No person could ever dream of such syntactical monstrosity, save one who had forgotten his mother tongue and its proprieties, and luxuriated in the contemplation of the *detailed* beauties of the Roman third and fourth declensions." And again, after giving further illustrations in justification of this indictment, he continues: "The quantity of *matter* of this sort in the Bible is beyond what many are aware of. . . . Many other improprieties and inconsistencies of this kind occur in the sacred volume, besides errors of the Press, of enormous disgrace to the Church" (*i.e.*, the Kirk of Scotland). Such a censure is the very last which any Gaelic scholar could pronounce on the book we have before us. Its beauty and simplicity speak for themselves, and the idiom is excellent. It could not fail of recalling to the mind of the poor Highlander, who is far from his own loved land, if only he has not forgotten his mother tongue, those numerous expressions which were so dear and so familiar to him in childhood. Mr. Grant makes short work with those many Irish idioms which are so marked a feature in the Protestant Bible.

Thanks to the author we are reviewing, Highland Catholics will henceforth be justified in holding out to their Protestant fellow-

¹ The Irish Bible was first circulated by Protestants in the Highlands in Roman letters, and with many alterations, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

countrymen a version of the New Testament which is as truly a *testo di lingua* of theirs as the Protestant English version undoubtedly is of that language.

4. *Manual of Universal Church History*. By the Rev. Dr. Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition, by F. J. Pabisch and T. J. Byrne. In three volumes. Vol. II. Cincinnati: Clarke and Co. London: Crosby, Lockwood, and Co., 1876.
5. *Historie des Conciles d'apres les Documents Originaux*. Par Mgr. C. J. Héféle, Eveque de Rottenbourg. Traduit de l'Allemand par M. l'Abbé Delarc. Tome Onzième. Paris: Adrien le Clerc, 1876.
6. *A History of the Councils of the Church*, from the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. C. J. Héféle, D.D., Bishop of Rottenburg. Vol. II. A.D. 326—429. Translated from the German, with the Author's approbation, and edited by H. N. Oxenham, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1876.
7. *Introductio Generalis ad Historiam Ecclesiasticam* critice tractandam. Auctore P. Carolo Smedt, in Collegio Theologico Societatis Jesu Lovianensi Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ Professor. Gandavi: Poelman, 1876.

We have here a goodly pile of volumes devoted to the great subject of the History of the Church. The authors of the first two are already famous men in the line of ecclesiastical learning, and if the author of the last should be spared to carry out the plan which he has sketched out for himself, and to continue his studies in the path which he has hitherto followed, we venture to predict for him an amount of renown not far inferior to that which already attends the names of Héféle and Alzog. It would be beside our purpose to attempt here a critical estimate of these two great historians, and we shall aim at little more, in the present notice, than to give our readers the necessary information as to the contents of the volumes before us.

Alzog's *Manual of Universal Church History* is already famous in Germany and in France. Some readers may smile at the large size of this second volume, which is one of three, and wonder whose hands are large enough to wield a compendium of this kind. It is nevertheless true that the work before us deserves the name of "manual," for the history of the Church has now grown of necessity to a size so immense, that it is difficult to give even the main outlines in anything like a short space. The present volume may be roughly said to embrace the whole period of the middle ages, though it begins in the fourth century and ends with the time of the Council of Florence. The main divisions strike us as very good and clear. There is an immense amount of erudition condensed in the text, and the notes are crowded with references. On the few points as to which we have been able to compare the text with other and recent sources of information, we have found Dr. Alzog amply acquainted with the literature of his subject. He has to deal with some of the brightest as well as some of the darkest pages in the history of the Papacy, and though his views are not

always those which we should be inclined ourselves to follow as the truest, he is always conscientious and fair.

We regret to see from the notice which accompanies the new volume of the translation of the great work of the Bishop of Rottenburg, that he has abandoned his intention of completing that work by the history of the Council of Trent. We are, therefore, to have no more volumes of this *History of the Councils* from him. We are, however, told that he has commissioned a friend to write the remainder of the History under his direction. We shall look with great interest for the publication of this future work. The present volume begins in the middle of the Council of Constance. We have then a book on the interval between Constance and Bâle, another on the Council of Bâle before its translation to Ferrara and Florence, a fourth on the Council of Florence and the Union of the Greeks, while the last book ends with the abdication of the Antipope Felix. Any reader acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of this period will be well aware of the many difficult questions through which Mgr. Héfélé has to make his way. The Papacy was then almost at its lowest point as to *prestige*, in consequence of the long schism which was at last healed at Constance. Indeed, it may truly be said that the outbreak which took place in the century after the Council of Bâle was already in its germ in the fifteenth century, and that Gallicanism with all its attendant miseries was the fruit of what took place at the time of the schism.

The third book on our list is an English translation of the second volume of Mgr. Héfélé's work. Mr. Oxenham is quite capable of giving us a good translation, but we could have wished that he had not been selected as the "editor" of the Bishop of Rottenburg. The relation appears to be somewhat incongruous. We fear that we must attribute to this mistaken position the presence, at the end of the volume, of an Appendix containing a long extract from Mr. Le Page Rénouf's pamphlet on *The Condemnation of Pope Honorius*, which it would have been much better to leave in the obscurity into which that acrimonious squib has deservedly fallen. What has Dr. Héfélé done, that he should have Mr. Rénouf tied to his tail?

The last volume on our list is a perfect mine of erudition. The style is concise and severe, and we may hope that Father De Smedt's Dissertations, when they come to be published in the six volumes to which this is the Introduction, may indulge us with fuller developments of their respective subjects. But the manner in which the mass of authorities for Church history is classified is beyond all praise. Hundreds of works of importance are here arranged, so that the reader who wishes to find who are the best authorities as to the history of even particular dioceses and particular religious orders will not look in vain. The value of the book for the student cannot be measured in words.

8. *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. III. The Sermon on the Mount (to the end of the Lord's Prayer). By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. Burns and Oates, 1876. (Quarterly Series, vol. xvii.)

We have here a third instalment of the *Public Life of our Lord*. This volume, unlike the two which have preceded it, is entirely occupied with exposition. It begins with the sayings of our Lord about the Church, when He describes His disciples as the "salt of the earth" and "the light of the world," and continues the Sermon on the Mount to the end of the Lord's Prayer. The author tells us that the reception of the second volume, that on the Beatitudes, which was chiefly devoted to the exposition of the same kind, has encouraged him to be fuller than he had intended in the treatment of the rest of the Sermon. The companion volume, which is to include the remainder of the first year of our Lord's Preaching, is not yet, it appears, ready for the press.

As our readers are aware, it is not becoming in us to do more than announce the appearance of this volume, and we shall make an extract do duty instead of criticism. It is taken from a chapter which illustrates the verse, "Be ye therefore perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect."

There are, of course, many of the perfections of God which cannot be imitated in human conduct. Such are His infinity, His immensity, His eternity, His omnipotence. Some holy writers have dwelt on the manner in which creatures like ourselves may endeavour to imitate His immutability. He is the Father of Lights, "with Whom there is no change or shadow of alteration," and though none of His creatures can be unchangeable as He is, still He is the Author of their stability and immutability, as far as they can possess it. Thus the rational nature which He has made is immortal and cannot perish, and it is He Who has made the heavens "strong as molten brass," and the earth to stand for ever." Nothing is new to Him, and there is no change in Him, all the phases and changes in His creatures do not affect Him. His laws, His justice, His mercy, His love, are always the same. The thought of Him, and much more, love of Him and communion with Him, may anchor our restless, frivolous souls, and give permanence and constancy to our feeble and fickle hearts. Instead of our perpetual change from good to evil, hope to fear, joy to sorrow, silence to loquacity, gravity to lightness, and the like, we may endeavour to gain by grace unshaken firmness in good, perpetual peace and tranquillity, steadiness in purpose, faithfulness in our aims, in our practice of virtue, in our patience under adversities and temptations. St. Paul is fond of speaking of the faithfulness of God, which is a part of His immutability. "God is faithful Who hath called you," he says to the Corinthians, after he has promised that "He will confirm them unto the end without crime." Again, "God is faithful, Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able." "He is faithful Who hath called you, Who also will do it, Who will strengthen you and keep you from evil," He says to the Thessalonians. "He continueth faithful, He cannot deny Himself," He says to St. Timothy. "He is faithful that promised," He says to the Hebrews. And St. Peter bids those that "suffer according to the will of God, commit their souls in good deeds to the faithful Creator." These passages encourage us to "hold fast the confession of our hope without wavering," to make our resolutions and designs carefully and thoughtfully, and then not to change them, to keep up our religious practices with equal faithfulness, whether we are in desolation or in consolation, not to let adversity dismay us, and not to let prosperity puff us up. This constancy and perseverance of mind and heart is of the utmost importance in the spiritual life, which is liable

to many external phases and changes of condition which are enough to discourage and upset us if we are not resolute and stable. Our nature is essentially feeble and fickle, our minds easily weary of the same thing, our hearts naturally flit from one object to another. If this natural inconstancy rule our conduct, we shall be always beginning afresh, and never going on to perfection. And it is a wonderful effect of the grace and love of God, when our hearts are so drawn to Him as to feel a sort of motionless intense tranquillity of purpose, such as that which St. Paul speaks of when he says that he is sure that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

A perfection kindred to that of immutability and fidelity is the great truthfulness of God, the exact and absolute conformity between His promises and predictions and their executions and fulfilments, the entire absence of exaggeration or duplicity in all that proceeds from Him. This perfection may be a most useful rule to us in what is to many the most difficult part of their lives, the management of the tongue, and may lead us to practise the most absolute simplicity and candour in our dealings one with another. There are many faults in speech which almost escape notice, faults connected with vanity and the desire of making a show, so that we are different with different people, and sometimes not perfectly natural with any. Such faults may be corrected by the imitation of God's veracity, which may supply us with a motive for absolute conformity between thought and speech which is quite independent of the justice and charity which we owe to others, which may not always be violated by inaccuracy.

Another consideration of the same kind may be founded on the perfect justice of God, which never condemns more than requires condemnation, never involves one person in the guilt of another, never punishes again a fault once punished. Or again, on His wonderful placability, according to which He forgives us over and over again, and treats us after forgiveness as if the offence had never been committed. This placability is represented by our Lord in the father of the Prodigal Son, who not only welcomed him home without a word of reproach, but made him a great feast, put him at once in a place of honour, so as even to rouse the envy of the son who had never left his home. In these two respects we have much to learn, for we are apt to dislike whole classes, and even races, on account of the offences of some few, or of injuries committed before they were born. We pass judgment on men who are in disadvantageous positions without their own fault, as if they were responsible for them, as when Nathanael said, "Can anything of good come out of Nazareth?" Much more is our measure of pardoning and placability lamentably short when compared with the measure of these qualities in God, as St. Peter showed when he asked, as if it were a great thing, whether he should forgive his brother as much as seven times. A man does us some small injury, and we find it hard to forgive it, and still harder to forget it; the memory of it remains as a sore in our minds, we feel glad if some evil befalls him, or we are inclined to deny him the offices of kindness and affection which we bestow upon our friends, or our whole conduct to him is a sort of tacit reproach to him for what he has done.

Again, we might study the large-handed liberality of God in giving and communicating to His creatures without stint, with no limit save that of their capacity, so that it may be said of Him that He gives all that He can give. Whereas we are tempted to give what we are obliged, or what it is a matter of difficulty to deny, and when we have given, we make the most of our gifts and of the obligations of others to us on their account, whereas God, as St. James tells us, gives to all men abundantly, and upbraideth not—that is, He does not reproach us for having already been large recipients of His bounties, but seems to desire to go on giving more and more, and that we should ask the more the more we have received. Another characteristic of God, which we might dwell upon in our meditations, is His perfect tranquillity and unruffled calm amid injuries and offences. Indeed, the patience of God is one of the most marvellous of His attributes in its exercise towards

His creatures. It embraces His forbearance with His implacable enemies, the evil spirits, whom He still supports in their natural existence and in the use of the faculties with which He has endowed them. It extends over all His dealings with men, whether considered in a race or one by one. It includes His long suffering with sinners, His delay in chastising them, His long waiting for their repentance, the protection which He extends to them in many ways, which seem almost like special shieldings of them from harm and from infamy, and then the gentle indulgence with which He receives what is often a far less perfect return to Him and renouncement of everything else than He had a right to require. But it is not only towards sinners that this Divine patience is exercised. There is immense scope for it in the negligences, and imperfections, and shortcomings, and failures, the dulness and slowness and hardness and pettiness which are too often to be found even among His own servants, in consequence of which His glory is immensely lessened, and the carrying out of His great designs for the benefit of our race indefinitely postponed. In this sense, as in the other, in which His forbearance is exercised towards His enemies, the history of the Christian Church, as of the Jewish Synagogue before it, is full of the marvellous patience of God.

We may pass from this thought on to another which is suggested by it, the thought of the great magnificence of God in His works and designs. All that He has done and does in the physical universe, in the moral government of the world, and especially in the dispensation of the Incarnation and of man's Redemption thereby, bears upon it the stamp of greatness, which is only enhanced when we come to consider the extreme thoughtfulness and care which has evidently been expended upon the very smallest details in each sphere of God's action. We are able only partially to fathom the depths to which the wisdom and tenderness of God descend in the lower regions of the creation, and when we turn to His more conspicuous and greater works we see a profuseness, a lavishness, and a splendour which are quite needless for the uses of human life, though they are by no means needless to give us such an idea as He would have us form of the magnificence of the King Whose servants and Whose sons we are. This magnificence has been, as it were, echoed in the hearts and minds of His chosen servants, who have caught it from our Lord, Whose great works in the world, the Catholic Church and the Christian Doctrine, are reflections in their way of the greatness of the works of God. The saints have always had the noblest instincts, the most daring conceptions, the widest and loftiest aims. The institutions, orders, the works of mercy or piety which they have left behind them, as well as their own designs and actions, all bear witness to this characteristic. St. Francis thinks it a little thing to send his *frati* over the whole world, like the Apostles, St. Ignatius thinks of converting the whole East, and St. Francis Xavier of returning to Europe from China, preaching as he goes. Very often indeed this thought of the magnificence of the works of God has been needed in order to nerve the timidity and natural faintheartedness even of His greater servants to the enterprizes which the interests of His glory required at their hands. Thus we are told by St. Teresa that her great director, Balthasar Alvarez, one of the holiest men on earth in his day, was afraid to let her undertake the work of the foundation of her first convent, until she had given him a message from our Lord to meditate upon the words of the Psalm—"O Lord, how great are Thy works, Thy thoughts are exceeding deep!" After he had made the meditation, he bade her go on in the name of God. God can never, indeed, do anything that is great in proportion to Himself, or put forth His whole power. But His servants must at least learn from His magnificence to do to the utmost of their little strength in His praise and service, according to the principle expressed by the Church when she sings,

Quantum potes, tantum aude,

—and we must remember that the measure of our power is not that of our natural unassisted forces, but that of His grace working in us and with us. For as from Him come all holy desires and counsels, so also is His boundless

liberality pledged to help us according to the "might of His power," as St. Paul says, that the noble thoughts which He has Himself sown in our souls may be brought to their full and perfect fruit, according to His good pleasure. In the light of this truth the magnificent ventures and, as they seem, temerities of the saints are perfectly reasonable, while on the other hand, we can see how truly it was said by St. Ignatius, that few men understand what God would do in their souls if they did not themselves impede His work.

9. *Linked Lives.* By Lady Gertrude Douglas. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett, 1876.

This book is a novel, and what is rather less pleasant to many readers, a "controversial" novel, running through the orthodox length of three volumes, and containing the conversion of almost all the principal characters to Catholicism, and a great many incidents of a sensational kind into the bargain. And yet the reader need not be afraid that if he once takes these three volumes up he will soon find himself weary of them. The book has two great charms—apart from other merits—which will make it highly and deservedly popular. It is beautifully written, and it is written in an evident spirit of simple earnestness which nothing can resist.

We are not going to rob the reader of his pleasure by sketching the story for him. The "lives" which are here "linked" are those of a charming High Church young lady and a poor Glasgow outcast of the same sex—a child of Catholic parentage. The threads of their lives are continually crossing one another to the very end. The author has probably some personal acquaintance with the poor Catholic girls who have to earn their bread as they can in the midst of a great den of worldliness and depravity like Glasgow, for the parts in which these poor creatures figure seem to be painted from the life. They are quite good enough to make the fortune of an ordinary novelist. On the other hand, she is as much at home in the other part of her story. There are some very pretty French scenes also. The characters are cleverly drawn and contrasted, and the argumentative part of the work is as well done as the Glasgow scenes. Perhaps a stern criticism might object to the manner in which almost all the nice people become Catholics. Unfortunately, it is not so in real life. But we see no reason why, in a novel like this, the forces of truth and reason and grace should not be allowed to attain their natural results. It is well, at all events, to be reminded that there are more ways than one into the Catholic Church. The Low Church cousin and betrothed lover of the heroine, who reads himself into Catholicism while he is searching for the arguments which he has no doubt will upset her convictions, is not less true to fact than the ultra-Ritualist "priest" who becomes a Catholic because the Church of England rejects him.

We sincerely hope that Lady Gertrude will continue to write. If she likes to write controversial novels, we have more than once said that we can see no reason why controversial novels should not be

written. Unless a novel is a bad thing in itself, it ought to be allowed to treat, not of course didactically, but historically, of what is now one of the common phases in the ordinary lives of serious and intelligent persons. But if she has poured out what she has to say about religion in these volumes, and understands how much service may be done—since novels must be!—by pure and graceful writing in the more ordinary line of the English novelist, we venture to assure her that she has many gifts which may enable her to occupy a place hardly second to any female writer of fiction in her generation.

10. Mr. J. M. Murphy, who, a year or two ago, published the very interesting work on Convents in England and Ireland, to which he gave the name *Terra Incognita*, has, we are glad to see, issued a new edition of his work, with several new chapters, in a handier and more popular form (Burns and Oates).—*Alice Leighton*, a tale of the seventeenth century: (Burns and Oates), is a story of the Cavalier and Roundhead wars, very gracefully told.—*Confidence in the Mercy of God*, translated by Abbot Burder from the pencil of Mgr. Languet (Burns and Oates), is a little volume which ought to be welcome, as it places the famous treatise of the Archbishop of Sens within the reach of English readers. The translator's work is admirably done.—We are unable to judge of the translation of Father Baltasar Graciani's *Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and frequent Communicants* (Washbourne), but the work itself is very famous, and ought to contribute to the increase of true devotion at the time of Holy Communion.—The same publisher has sent us Mr. Jenkins' *Student's Handbook of British and American Literature*, a work which contains a great deal of information which will probably be found useful by teachers in schools.—Among French books lately published, we may mention as especially interesting Father Séguin's *Histoire du Père Claude de la Colombière* (Poussielgue), and the Abbé Baunard's *Histoire de Madame Barat* (*ibid.*). This beautiful biography of the foundress of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart is being translated into English by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and we may reserve our remarks upon it till its appearance in its English form.

II.—CORRESPONDENCE.

FATHER. THEBAUD AND HIS CRITICS.

To the Editor of the "Month and Catholic Review."

Rev. Sir,—I am duly thankful for the kind notice you gave in your April number of my recent work on *Gentilism*. It could in fact almost be found of too flattering a character, as scarcely a word of criticism was used. There was nevertheless a small incidental phrase whose meaning could not very well be ascertained, at least by me; yet on this meaning much depends for the fate of the entire volume. You said you were very glad to find before you such a work, *partial though it be*. This might signify that it is *onesided*, or that it is *incomplete*. In this last sense I admit fully the truth of the remark; but I plead in justification that to give the work its right extension would have required two volumes more, and there were many reasons against it, besides the general observation that if the preface is read with care it will be seen that it is a mere introduction to something else.

But if the other meaning of the word *partial* be accepted—which I do not believe of you, Mr. Editor—the case is quite different, and I would repel the accusation almost indignantly. This is undoubtedly the meaning intended by another Catholic London Editor [of the *Tablet*] who said in substance, reviewing the same work on *Gentilism*, that the defenders of Revelation are of two kinds: first, those who follow the old beaten track, taking a strict and narrow view of the Bible and its interpretation, like the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* and Jesuits in general. Another smaller class, evidently in the reviewer's idea a much more safe and reasonable one—takes a broader view of the various questions of the antiquity and primitive barbarism of man, of the mythical interpretation of many passages of Scripture, and grants to modern scientists all that can be granted.

This, I confess, surprised me a great deal, and I seriously aver that this very moderate reviewer is pushing us along on a very hopeful track, which would lead us to a most happy termination. To grant to the scientists all that can be granted—that is, I suppose, all they wish—would in the end, I am afraid, make simpletons of us, as it would be in general to grant what they have not yet proved. Let them demonstrate first their theories, it will then be time to grant them what they ask. They have not yet the right that we should make concessions to them. Fools only make concessions beforehand. Many of them are certainly bitter enemies of Revelation with all their assumed impartiality, and Christian apologists have never yet, that I know, treated the open enemies of Revelation with bland words, except when accepting death at their hands, when the necessity occurred. I think, therefore, the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* are very right in the system of defence

they have adopted, and the London Catholic Editor has done me a great deal of honour by placing me in the same category.

I remain, Mr. Editor, very respectfully yours,

AUG. J. THEBAUD, S.J.

49, West 15th St., New York,
April 17th, 1876.

[We need hardly say for ourselves, that it would pain us extremely to think that any remark of ours could be rightly understood as a reflection upon a work of which we think so highly as that on *Gentilism*, or on a writer whom we so sincerely admire and to whom we are so specially bound as Father Thébaud. Our words about the "partial treatment" of his great subject could only be meant in the way which he has himself in the first place suggested. That is, he has only attacked one part of the question at issue, and so far his work is "partial."

With regard to the other critic of whom he complains, it is not for us to undertake his defence; and if Father Thébaud were in England instead of in America it would be enough for us to print his complaint without further comment. It is easy for an author at a distance to attach too much importance to a few not perfectly well-considered words in a short notice like that to which Father Thébaud refers. Many authors in England would hardly have thought it worth while to complain in the case before us. But with some occasional exceptions the reviews in the *Tablet* are well and judiciously written, and their general character is quite high enough to redeem a writer, who may consider himself injured, from the charge of over-sensitiveness. The notice in question appeared in the *Tablet* of March 25, and as he has not quoted the exact words of the writer, it is only fair that we should do so for him.

There are two different ways in which the believers in Revelation now endeavour to make good the ground on which they stand. The first and the most frequent is that of discrediting, as far as possible, the conclusions of advanced science, and retaining as much as possible of the older traditions of Christianity, and the received interpretation of the Books of Moses; the second consists in accepting, as far as they can be accepted, the deductions and statements of recent scientific writers, and making or being prepared to make, if necessary, large concessions as to the literal interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Now the method pursued by Father Thébaud is of the former conservative order, and on all the questions which are now so much in dispute between Christians and anti-Christians, he inclines to the views taken of them in such publications as the *Civiltà Cattolica* and other organs of Jesuit learning and speculation. He is consequently opposed to the belief in the great antiquity of man, the barbarism of primitive man, the mythical interpretation of the first chapters in Genesis, distinct sources of language, and the theory of evolution.

This is the passage of which Father Thébaud complains. The notice contains a further criticism upon some expressions of his as to the precise character of Scriptural statements, as to which criticism it appears to us that he might have had a good deal to say if he had

chosen. But we need not travel beyond the ground opened by his letter. It will be seen that the writer in the *Tablet* speaks not only of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, but of other periodicals under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and that he supposes that these periodicals as a class incline to what he calls the "conservative" view as to such questions as the antiquity of man, the primitive barbarism of man, the unity of the original language, the doctrine of evolution, and the "mythical" interpretation of the first chapters of Genesis. This "mythical interpretation" appears to be opposed in the writer's mind to the "literal interpretation." On all these heads we may perhaps be allowed to make a few short remarks, which it might hardly have been worth while to make but for the letter of Father Thébaud.

In the first place, we may say in general, that the Jesuits are constantly exposed to misrepresentations of all sorts, and that one of these which is not uncommon is that which attributes to them as a body doctrines and views and methods on points of theology or scriptural controversy which are supposed to be their own and not the common property of the Catholic Church. Some years ago they were said to have a philosophy of their own. Yet any one acquainted with the subject will know well enough that almost all lawful opinions and methods in matters of theology and philosophy have been maintained by Jesuit writers. As far as our knowledge extends it is the same, in fact, as to the questions of which the reviewer in the *Tablet* speaks. The Church has a large and liberal way in allowing all opinions which are not contrary to orthodoxy, and the way of the Church is the way also of the Society.

In the second place, taking the division of the writer in the *Tablet* as it stands, we do not know what he means by attributing what he calls the conservative view on the subject of which he speaks to the organs of the Society as a body. We hardly like to suppose that a writer in the *Tablet* can be allowed to speak at random, and to father a view upon the Society simply because it seems to him narrow or old-fashioned. For we do not think that Father Thébaud can be wrong in thinking that his critic does think the view of which he speaks narrow and old-fashioned. We must suppose that he has something in his mind, but we do not know what it is. As far as we know, the organs of the Society have always taken a very moderate and liberal line on the questions which he names. We do not profess to be able to speak with knowledge of every word that has ever been written by a Jesuit on these questions. Some years ago Father Pianciani wrote a series of articles in the *Civiltà* on the subject of cosmogony, in which the results of modern science were compared with the statements of Genesis. We do not think that the writer in the *Tablet* can be acquainted with those articles, or with others that have followed them from time to time. When the writer is so good as to say what he means, it will be time enough to defend the Society. At present we can only say that his statement appears to us as contrary to fact as it is unsupported by evidence—that is, we do not think he

can produce from the *Civiltà*, or the *Etudes*, or the *Stimmen*, or the *Month*, quotations which justify the statement that the writers in those periodicals "discredit, as far as possible, the conclusions of advanced science," or refuse "to accept, as far as they can be accepted, the deductions and statements of recent scientific writers."

In the third place, we may remark that the writer before us has drawn a contrast between two methods or views which, if we change a word or two in his description, are not necessarily opposed to one another. We demur to such a word as "discrediting," but we see no reason why the same man or the same set of men should not sift as closely as possible "the conclusions of advanced science," and retain "as much as possible of the older traditions of Christianity, and the received interpretations of the Books of Moses," and at the same time "accept, as far as they can be accepted, the deductions and statements of recent scientific writers," and make, or "be prepared to make, if necessary, large concessions as to the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures" (we would rather not use the words "large concessions," and we leave out the word "literal," because the writer seems to use it in a sense of his own, in which it is opposed to mythical, that is, to *fabulous*). If the progress of science reveals any new facts with relation to the early history of man and of the earth, such facts, when ascertained, are a gain to truth, and may fairly be used as a commentary on the words of Scripture. It is no concession, but an advance, so to use them. So far as the received interpretation of the Sacred Book is simply the reflection of a certain limited state of knowledge as to natural things, it will of course be modified by any advance in that knowledge. When a child says that the sun rises and goes down, his words may represent an imperfect notion of a natural truth in his mind. He understands them better when he comes to know that what he sees before him is the result of the motion of the earth, not of the sun.

At the same time we are far from denying that there are two ways of defending Revelation, one of which is good, and the other bad, though perhaps as to the description of these two ways we should hardly agree with the writer in the *Tablet*. There is no real opposition between Scripture and science, but there is a good deal of opposition between the received understanding of Scripture and scientific men, or those who are so called. We do not wish to use strong language, but we must express our belief that by no set of men have the laws of logic and right reason been so continually trampled under foot as by "men of science." There are, of course, many close reasoners among them, but there are many others out of whose writings every fallacy and every illicit process condemned in the common manuals of logic might easily be illustrated. A lad will be "plucked in his logic" for allowing an induction to rest on one instance, or for drawing a certain conclusion from probable premisses, or a general conclusion from particular premisses. This is constantly done by "men of science," and until they get into the habit of reasoning a little more correctly, it will not surprise

us to find their "deductions and statements" rejected,—not as contrary to Scripture, but as bad reasoning. And we can imagine few things more absurd than for Catholic writers to give up "the older traditions of Christianity and the received interpretation of the Books of Moses," and adopt a "mythical interpretation" of the first chapters of Genesis—for the sake of adopting "deductions and statements" which, a year or two hence, may be abandoned by their own authors, and which certainly are not as yet proved according to the received laws of human reasoning. We conceive it to be the duty of Catholic writers to force scientific men, as far as may be, to reason cautiously, reverently, and severely, for the very reason that when they reason in such a way they may possibly discover really great secrets of nature and history, and so shed new light upon the pages of Scripture.

We may even say, in a very few words, what we conceive to be the truth as to the various questions on which Father Thébaud seems to the writer in the *Tablet*, if we understand him rightly, to take a too narrow or conservative view. The "antiquity of man" has not yet been proved. The proofs which have as yet been adduced are inconclusive, to say the least. If they ever become demonstrations, we feel sure that no Catholic theologian will hesitate to understand Scripture in the light of such demonstration. The primitive barbarism of man seems to be more contradictory to Scripture than his antiquity. On the other hand, the degeneracy of man is entirely in harmony with Scripture, and if man once existed in a state of barbarism, it is clear from the very nature of the matter that it can never be proved that that barbarism was his primitive state. But for the arguments against the primitive barbarism of men we need do no more than refer the writer to Father Thébaud's book. We shall say nothing now about the "distinct sources of language," and as to the theory of evolution, there are more ways than one of understanding it, and it is held in some form or degree by many Catholics, though we must confess, to our mind, on insufficient grounds of reason. We object, as we have already hinted, to any "mythical" interpretation of the first chapters of Genesis,—including, we suppose the third, which contains the account of the fact which lies at the root of the whole scheme of redemption, the Fall of Man. If, however, by "mythical," the writer means such an interpretation as that which understands the "days" of Creation to be periods, and the like, we can only be sorry that he should have used so dangerous a word, as it seems to us, to characterize an interpretation which has long been held without blame in the Church.

III.—OLD ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

A Catalogue of Shrines, Offerings, Bequests, &c.

PART XII.—(TEWKESBURY—TUNSTEAD).

TEWKESBURY.

William of Malmesbury derives the name of Tewkesbury, or as he writes it, Theokesberia, from *Theotokos-beria*—Θεοτόκος-beria—and signifying “the town of the Mother of God.”²⁷⁰ I am afraid, however, that this derivation will not hold good.

On the other hand, Leland derives it from a hermit of the name of Theocus, whose cell was near the river, whence Theokesbyria. “Sum say that Theocus’ chapelle was aboute the place wher syns the Jues’ synagogue was.”²⁷¹ This derivation seems more probable.

Here two Mercian dukes, Oddo and Doddo, built a small monastery on their land near the Severn, in honour of the Assumption of our Blessed Ladye, in the year 715,²⁷² where they placed a prior and four or five monks. Oddo and Doddo died, according to Leland, in 725. Their brother, Almaric, was buried at Deorhurste in the little chapel opposite the gate of the priory there. Formerly this chapel had been a royal palace. His tomb is shown there to this day, says Leland, and on the wall above the door is written :

HANC AULAM DODO DUX CONSECRARI FECIT IN
ECCLESIAM, AD HONOREM BEATÆ MARIE VIRGINIS
OB AMOREM FRATRIS SUI ALMARICI.²⁷³

Our Ladye of Tewkesbury was held in great veneration; but I have no particulars of her shrine.

Isabella Beauchamp, Countess of Warwick, by her will, dated December 1, 1439, desires to be buried in the Abbey of Tewkesbury. After giving directions how her statue on her tomb is to be made, she desires that on the sides thereof there be “the statues of poor men and women in their poor array, with their beads in their

²⁷⁰ *De Gest Pontificum Anglorum*, lib. iv. p. 294. Rolls Edit.

²⁷¹ *Itin.* vol. vi. p. 72.

²⁷² *Mon. Ang.* t. ii. p. 53.

²⁷³ *Ue supra*, loc. cit.

hands. I desire that a chalice be made of my great sharpe,²⁷⁴ and offered to our Ladye in the Lady Chapel at Tewkesbury." She also gave her wedding gown and all her cloathes of gold and silk, one only excepted.²⁷⁵

The following account of an image of our Ladye at Tewkesbury was communicated to Guppenberg for the *Atlas Marianus*. His correspondent in England was F. Francis Forster, S.J. :

"At Tewkesbury an image of our Ladye survived all the fury of the heretics. For several years a heretic had endeavoured to obtain it of the Magistrates. At last, after long asking for it, he received it as a present. Forthwith he threw it on the ground, and kicked it with his feet; he then scooped it out for a trough, and often filled it with dirty water; nay, more, he frequently caused his pigs to drink out of it. But this sacrilege did not remain long unpunished. All the pigs that drank out of it died; and his children were equally affected, for there was not one who was not either blind or lame, or afflicted by some disease too horrible to mention. The wicked man himself was reserved for a greater punishment, so that posterity might know that the impious are often punished by means of the object by which they sin. There had been a stone trough in which the pigs were fed, before the statue of our Ladye was desecrated for this purpose. It was removed and placed close to the mouth of a well which was unprotected. The unhappy man one day, in a state of frenzy, jumped across the stone trough and threw himself headlong into the well. This horrible occurrence took place about the year 1625."²⁷⁶

THETFORD.

This sanctuary of our Ladye was much frequented by pilgrims. The following account is from Blomefield :

"While the bishopric was at Thetford, and the see placed in the parish church of St. Marye, the image of the Holy Virgin was set at the high altar of that church; and when the monks left it,

²⁷⁴ "Sharpe." Johnson gives the word as a noun, expressing, by ellipsis, something to which the adjective applies, *e. g.*, a poniard or dagger. Halliwell gives the fifth meaning of the noun "a sword," and quotes this very sentence.

²⁷⁵ Test. Vet. p. 240; and Dugdale, *Baron.* t. i. p. 247.

²⁷⁶ *Atlas Marianus*, n. dlxviii. p. 656.

it was carried and fixed at the high altar of their new church. But afterwards, a finer image being made, it was taken down and set in an obscure place. At that time there was a poor workman in the town, who incessantly called upon the Blessed Virgin for relief from an incurable disease that he laboured under. To him the Virgin appeared in the night, telling him that if he would be cured he must hasten to the prior of her monastery, and in her name command him to build her a chapel on the north side of the choir, which he had newly repaired. But upon neglecting the message she appeared to him thrice, upon which he acquainted the prior with it, who, being much astonished, resolved to obey the command, and build a chapel of wood. But after this, the sick man returns, and tells him that she ordered it to be built with stone, and shews him the very place where she would have it done. Not long after the prior went out of town, and the man, going to talk with him and not finding him at home, went to a religious old man who had lived a long time in the monastery, and gave him a token where the foundation-stone of the chapel should be placed, by showing him and everybody else that would see it, for two hours together, the shape of a cross upon it, wonderfully adorned with gold and jewels, which afterwards disappeared. After this, the prior returning, and not hastening the building, the Virgin appeared in like manner to a certain woman in the town, and commanded her to desire the prior to build the chapel immediately, which the woman neglecting to do, the Virgin came to her in the night and much blamed her for contemning her command, and with that touched her arm, and she immediately lost the use of it. The woman, when she awoke, perceiving it, and much grieving for her negligence, ran to the monk, and with many tears told him her misfortune, who advised her to offer an arm made of wax to the Holy Virgin; which being done, her own arm was restored.

"As soon as the chapel was built, the prior, desiring to increase the people's devotion to the Blessed Virgin, causes the image which stood by a door near the chapel to be taken down and

new painted; and as the painter was cleaning it, he found a silver plate well nailed on to the top of its head, and shew it to the prior, who called the monks, and ordered it to be taken off in their presence, and then they found the relics of many saints wrapt in lead with their names upon them, all which were first sent to Stephen of Provence, prior of this house, by William, prior of Merlesham, at the request of Hugh Bygod, and Sir Ralf, monk of Thetford, and most of them, first of all, came from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, there being pieces of the Purple Robe of our Lord, of the Girdle of the Virgin Marye, of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Rock of Calvary, of the Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin, of our Lord's Manger, of the earth found in St. John the Evangelist's Sepulchre, of St. George's Body, with other reliques of St. Vincent the Martyr, and of St. Leodegar or Leiger, St. Barbara, St. Gregory, St. Leonard, St. Jerome, with some of St. Agnes' hair, and of the wooden coffin miraculously kept from decay, in which King Edmund the Martyr, many years after his passion, was found whole, and looked as if he had been alive, with pieces of St. Ethelred's coffin, in which she was found eleven years after her death, whole, and as if she had been asleep. Pieces also of St. Lazarus' cloaths and sepulchre, besides divers others whose names are not known, all of which were placed in the head of the image which the aforesaid Sir Ralf, monk here, who was born and brought up in this town, caused to be made at his own expense, with a tabernacle adorned with small images, painting, gold, and precious stones. And besides this, he, with the assistance of Ralf de Coam, clerk, who was a great friend to the monastery, persuaded the Lady Maud de Samundeham, a lay-sister, and great friend of the house, to purchase the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin in the refectory. All which things he performed with much labour and great difficulty, and therefore, for these services, his anniversary was for ever to be held on the ides of October (15 October).

"All these reliques were kept in the chapel till its dissolution, by means whereof it was richly adorned, such as visited it by way of

devotion usually offering there, it being famous for the many miracles performed by this image, which were noised about in the country, two or three of which the aforesaid monk tells us of; as first, that a woman in Thetford overlaid her child, and finding it dead in the morning, takes it up, and runs to the image with it naked, and at the Virgin's intercession, it came to life again. Another is of a woman in Thetford who became dumb by a disease in her throat, upon which account many gave her money to go and make her offering to our Ladye at Wulpit, in Suffolk, and pray for her recovery; but the woman made signs that she would go to the image in the new chapel of the monks, which being consented to, she was restored, the woman affirming that the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, and pulled her tongue up from her throat, which cured her, wherefore she vowed to keep a candle burning before the image during her life. Another is of one William Heddrich the younger, a carpenter, and Isabel his wife, who lived in Hokham, and in harvest-time, according to custom, carried their boy, about three years old, with them into the field, and whilst the mother was mowing, towards evening, the child laid down and fell asleep, and soon after a cart ran over the head and killed it, which the father, who followed the cart, perceiving, took him up, and being much vexed for his death, runs to a physician in the town with the child, who assured him he was dead; but upon their vowing to go a pilgrimage, stark naked, to the image of the Blessed Virgin in her chapel at Thetford, the child came to life again about midnight, and its parents performed their vows and made large offerings to the Holy Virgin."²⁷⁷

These details are given in a MS., *De adificatione. Capellæ Virginis Mariæ in Thetford, et de Imagine Virginis Beatae in illa*, by John Brame, a monk of Thetford, and which is now at Cambridge, in the Library of Corpus Christi College.

NOTE.—This may appear strange according to our present ideas, but it was by no means unusual, in those days, for pilgrims to undertake a pilgrimage partially, if not more undressed. In the

²⁷⁷ Vol. i. pp. 449, 450.

representations of the principal miracles wrought by our Blessed Ladye of the Potterie at Bruges, the oldest sanctuary of our Ladye in Belgium, which are depicted on ancient tapestry, there is represented the cure of Victor Carr, of Ypres, who had vowed a pilgrimage in his shirt—in *zyn lynen cleet*—to our Ladye of the Potterie.²⁷⁸

Another instance is mentioned in the Annals of St. Alban's. On the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Marye, in 1430, John Turke, preaching to the people, mentioned the miraculous recovery from apparent death of a boy who had been run over by a cart. He was carried home, seemingly dead, to his father's house, where by the prayers of his neighbours and parents, and the bending of a piece of money, and the intervention of the holy martyr, St. Alban, he was restored to his former health (*vitam*); and on that day, in the presence of the abbot and community, the boy, clad only in his shirt, carrying a candle in his hand, and accompanied by his father, mother, and the neighbours, went in solemn procession to return thanks to God. The abbot intoned the *Te Deum*, which the community took up in plain chant, and all the bells were rung.²⁷⁹

THIRKLEBY.

Thomas Fulthorpe, Esq., of Thirkilbe, leaves a velvet doublet to the support of our Ladye's light in the church. Will dated June 29, 1471.²⁸⁰

THIRSK.

To the light of our Ladye in the choir of St. Marye's Church John Barker of Thresk, leaves *iiis. iiid.* Will dated the Friday after St. Martin, 1395.²⁸¹

THRULEGHT,
SURREY.

In 1473, William Sondes, Esq., leaves a sum of money to the light of our Ladye in the church here.²⁸²

THURLTON,
NORFOLK.

The image of our Ladye stood on the north side of the church.²⁸³

²⁷⁸ *N. Dame de la Potterie*. Bruges, 1845, plate vi. p. 24.

²⁷⁹ *Annales Mon. S. Albani*, vol. i. p. 54. Rolls Edit.

²⁸⁰ Test. Ebor. vol. iii. p. 241.

²⁸¹ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 206.

²⁸² Test. Vet. p. 332.

²⁸³ *Gen. Hist. of Norfolk*, p. 95.

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THOMPSON, OR
THOMESTONE,
NORFOLK.

There was a light kept burning before the image of our Blessed Ladye where her gild was held.²⁸⁴

TOTTINGTON,
NORFOLK.

A Gild of the Nativity of our Blessed Ladye was kept at her altar in this church, and a light was continually burning before her image in service time.²⁸⁵

TRURO.

Our Ladye Portall.

Thomas Tretherffe, Esq., in his will dated 1529, says :

"Item, I will to the image of our Ladye, called our Ladye Portall at Truro, to the use and intent thereof, and for the reparations of the said chapel, and of and for part of the priest's wages there singing, and of and for the name of the said Thomas to be put upon the beadroll of the said chapel xxs. sterling."²⁸⁶

TUNSTEAD.

In this chapel were the tabernacles and images of our Ladye of Pity and of the Holy Trinity, the "Plough light" of Upgate and Hungate, and several gilds.²⁸⁷

²⁸⁴ Blomefield, vol. i. p. 625.

²⁸⁶ Test. Vet. p. 644.

²⁸⁵ *Ibid.* p. 618

²⁸⁷ *Gen. Hist. of Norfolk*, p. 961.

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